

NOVEMBER, 1915

The

PRICE TEN CENTS

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW



POLICEMEN paid out of public money to use their clubs and guns on working men, working women and working girls in the interest of a manufacturers' organization, are prominent features of the garment workers' strike in Chicago.

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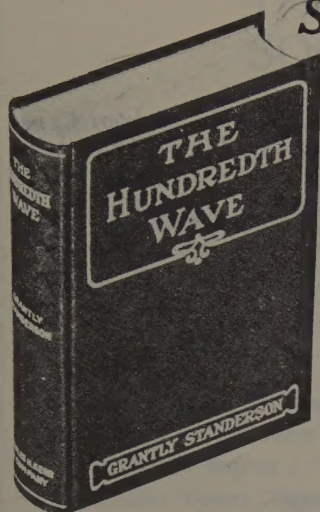
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The INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

VOL. XVI

NOVEMBER, 1915

No. 5



Courtesy of The Journal.

15,000 STRIKING CHICAGO GARMENT WORKERS ON PARADE.

THE GARMENT WORKERS' STRIKE

ON October 12th the streets of the Loop District of Chicago, thronged with the usual crowds of shoppers and business men and women, witnessed one of the most striking parades ever seen in this city. While the capitalist

press has been proclaiming that all of the clothing shops were filled and that most of the striking garment workers had returned to work, 15,000 men, women and girls paraded before the eyes of many thousand people who had previously learned of the

struggle only through biased and lying newspapers.

The faces of this determined army of workers, many holding aloft banners bearing some piteous cry for a chance to live, or a militant call to revolt, spoke more eloquently to the Chicago public than mere argument. And the banners were the voices of the vast throng made articulate.

"You knew the conditions that were imposed upon us.—They were unbearable."

"You skimmed our wages as much as you could.—We barely existed."

"You overworked us in rush season, underworked us in slack and always underpaid."

"Your profits have stopped because our labor power has stopped."

"Our revolt is against poverty and all the misery that poverty brings."

These and a hundred other banners were flung to the winds as the tramp of many feet was heard up one street and down another in the busy Loop district. And these are the people who make your clothes, the pants, coats, vests and overcoats which keep the male population of this country warm and comfortable during the colds of winter.

Four weeks ago 20,000 of these Chicago garment workers went out on strike for shorter hours and more pay—25 per cent increase in all wages; over-time to be paid for at the rate of time and a half; 48 hours to constitute a week's work; fining systems to be abolished and recognition of the union demanded. The minimum wage scale was to be as follows for week workers:

Cutters, \$26.00 per week.

Trimmers, \$20.00 per week.

Examiners and bushelmen, \$20.00 per week.

Apprentices, \$8.00 per week.

A 25 per cent increase was demanded for the piece workers.

A member of the REVIEW staff was fortunate enough to secure several pay envelopes, copies of which we reproduce here. One of these needle workers, a corner maker who put in forty hours, earned the magnificent sum of \$3.01, while this finisher, who worked thirty-five hours and a half, received only \$2.66. This would be a niggardly wage for a day's work.

The clothing firms, ever fearful that one of these pay envelopes may be reproduced,

LOOK FOR YOUR NUMBER

Rate _____
 No. 115
 Name Finishing Perry Saps
 Wk Ending 9/10

No correction will be made unless this Envelope is returned.

DAY	Morning IN	NOON OUT	NOON IN	NIGHT OUT	EXTRA IN	EXTRA OUT	Total
	7 20	12 00	12 45	4 15			7 ^h
	7 15	12 01	12 50	4 35			8 ^h
	7 15	11 58	12 35	4 32			8 ^h
	7 25	11 58	12 48	4 18			7 ^h
	7 25	12 01					4 ^h

TOTAL TIME 35^h HRS.

TOTAL WAGES FOR WEEK \$ 2.66

LOOK FOR YOUR NUMBER

Rate _____
 No. 40 Corner Making
 Name Franczek J.
 Wk Ending 9/10

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DAY	Morning IN	NOON OUT	NOON IN	NIGHT OUT	EXTRA IN	EXTRA OUT	Total
	7 15	12 00	12 45	5 05			8 ^h
	7 15	12 00	12 57	4 31			8 ^h
	7 27	12 00	12 57	6 00			9 ^h
	7 27	11 59	12 56	5 52			9 ^h
	7 24	12 01					4 ^h

TOTAL TIME 40^h HRS.

TOTAL WAGES FOR WEEK \$ 3.01

FACSIMILE OF PAY ENVELOPES

SAVE

TO SAVE IS PRUDENT

\$1.00 STARTS
YOUR ACCOUNT

OUR RESOURCES ARE

\$500,000.00

EAST CHICAGO BANK

SAVE

DEPOSITS MADE ON OR BEFORE THE 10TH OF
THE MONTH DRAW INTEREST FROM THE 1st

FACSIMILE OF BACK OF PAY ENVELOPE.

showing the awful wage conditions prevailing in their shops, do not even print their firm names upon these envelopes, although they have the "face" to print a plea to the workers to SAVE on the back of them.

Inside of four weeks over seventy small firms have signed up and over 5,000 garment workers returned to their jobs under union conditions. But the thirty-eight largest firms have refused to meet the strikers and will not even consider arbitration. Thousands of scabs have been brought to Chicago and the police and hired detectives are sturdily and right faithfully "protecting" them, while the hired sluggers are on the job beating up the "easiest" looking folks they see in the neighborhood of the strike shops.

Riot call after riot call has been sent in by the police and hundreds of men, women and girls have been arrested on utterly false charges. The hired sluggers start trouble and then the pickets are gathered in. As usual, those who are supposed to uphold the law, and to enforce the law, are permitting all forms of law breaking on the part of the employers and their strong arm squads, and are throwing all the weight of government on the side of the clothing firms.

"Policemen paid out of public money to use their clubs and guns on working men, working women and working girls in the interest of a manufacturers'

organization, is one of the fiercest angles of the garment workers' strike in Chicago. A committee from Hull House and women's clubs has supplied the chief of police and a city council committee with names, and details of these events: 1. A girl who would not move up the street slapped across the mouth by a copper. 2. A girl thrown face foremost onto the floor of a packed patrol wagon so violently she fainted and, girls inside the wagon had to break glass windows to let in air. 3. One man shot in the left leg. 4. Another man shot in the right leg. The list runs on so that out of more than four hundred arrested in a week there is a pile of evidence of police brutality. Plenty of laws and court decisions say these workers have a clear right to peacefully picket. Their picketing has been peaceful. Yet the police arrest them and charge them with disorderly conduct and conspiracy. "The police get us whether we picket in peace or with violence."

The Chicago Day Book, which has consistently backed the strikers in this battle for bread, reports, among many others, the following typical incident. When it is remembered that the strikers were merely peacefully and legally and rightfully picketing, it may remind us that the people who profess to most strongly oppose Violence, are those who most consistently use it.

Rose Goodman, 21, of 1256 Turner avenue, worked for Sachs & Co. On Oct. 4, about 5 p. m., near Harrison and Sherman



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ANY WORKER IS LIABLE TO BE GRABBED, SHOVED OR SLUGGED.



PULLING THE STRONG ARM STUFF.



A COMMON SIGHT.

streets, she saw an officer strike an old woman he was about to arrest. She asked why he was so rough with an old woman and the officer, No. 4470, told her to move on, adding: "Get to hell out of here." When deponent started to speak again Officer 4470 said: "If you don't go I'll kill you." Deponent further states that Officer 4470 struck her on her stomach and then gave a swift shove upon her shoulders so that she lost her balance, falling close to the feet of a mounted police horse in motion. Thrown into wagon with 15 other girl strikers.

On the way to the station she fainted. On recovery from fainting the other girls in the wagon pointed to a window they had broken to gain air to revive her. At the station she lost consciousness, was taken home in a cab, and the following day again lost consciousness, suffered pains in chest and abdomen, where blows were struck upon her body by Police Officer No. 4470 and others who threw her into the wagon. She is now under the care of a physician."

The Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America are conducting the strike. Sidney Hillman, the general president of the organization, is putting in 24 hours a day directing it. The organization not only has to fight the police, but also has to contend with the opposition of Samuel Gompers, who has issued an injunction forbidding the local A. F. of L. unions to support the strike in any way. In the near future the

REVIEW will tell the story of why these clothing workers withdrew from the United Garment Workers of America.

At their first convention, which was held in New York City in December, 1914, they took a decided stand in favor of industrial unionism as the following extracts from the convention proceedings show:

"If in any given locality the workingmen engaged in any one of the tailoring trades will be organized in one big local union instead of in many small ones, as they are now, but subdivided into branches as the convenience of the members may require, and these big trade locals will, in turn, unite in a very close alliance, there will be a solidified and powerful organization of the entire industry.

"Along with the industrial *form* of organization we must also develop the Industrial *spirit*, which means the general enlightenment of the workingmen, and particularly the teachings of universal working class solidarity and abolition of the wage system.

"When that will be accomplished, our organization will become a mighty, militant and invincible power."

* * *

Mass meetings are held daily and Mother Jones is on the job. Meetings are held regularly in four or five halls and the splendid spirit of the strikers shows no signs of weakening.



THAT WALSH REPORT

This is our second article on the report of the United States Commission on Industrial Relations. Here's plain talk. What we do here is tell in street car talk, railroad track talk, what the Commission found while it went traveling all over these United States. It was a three years' job. There were nine commissioners. They spent about a half million dollars. They took a lot of testimony. They had a lot of reporters, detectives, investigators. When they got through in August, 1915, they were split into three factions. They started out to find why this country is torn up all the time with strikes, lock-outs, boycotts, riots and fighting in fields, factories and workshops. They ended up with three different explanations from three different factions. Chairman Frank P. Walsh, a Kansas City lawyer, signed his name with three trade union officers to a report known as the Walsh Report. Here are some of the high points of it.

How much have you got? Two per cent of the people of this country own sixty per cent of the wealth of this country. They are the Rich. Thirty-three per cent of the people of this country own thirty-five per cent of the wealth of this country. They are the Middle Class. Sixty-five per cent of the people of this country own five per cent of the wealth of this country. They are the Poor. Of course, these are only statistics and some wise guy hit it right when he said there are three kinds of lies (1) plain lies, (2) damn lies, (3) statistics.

There's a real smash, however, about this one fact from the books of the United States Income Tax officers: Forty-four families in this country have each one of them one million dollars or more pouring in to them every year. Altogether fifty millions a year is dumped into the hands and laps of these fifty-four families each year. This means that these fifty-four families get as much money in a year as 100,000 working men who get \$500 a year apiece in their pay envelopes.

What about it? Some say pass laws. If the fat man who runs a factory doesn't run it right, pass a law and make him run it right. That's the notion in the heads of some working men. Well, this is all right, only it doesn't work in most cases.

When Gene Debs went to making speeches after he got out of Woodstock jail, he said, "You can no more regulate a corporation with laws than you can tangle an elephant with cobwebs."

There are good laws that labor unions got passed in different states. In all these states these laws have been wiped out by the Supreme Courts. Judges of Supreme Courts pulled long faces and spoke in solemn voices and said that these laws are "unconstitutional."

Can the state force an employer to give a statement explaining why he discharges a worker? Hardly. An employer can hire or fire anybody he pleases. He can fire a red-headed man because he doesn't like red hair. He can fire a Jew because he doesn't like Jews or an Irishman because he doesn't like the Irish. He can fire a union man because he is a union man. He can fire a girl or a woman if she says a union will win higher wages and a shorter work day.

The employer can kick out anybody and everybody he is suspicious of. If he thinks you are going to organize a union, or if he thinks you are going to be anything else than a good sheep ready for shearing, it's "get out" for you.

If you look a foreman or a straw boss straight in the eye and he gets a hunch that you are a rebel, then out you go.

And what can you do? The law says, "Nothing."

The law says the boss has a clear and clean right to put you out and he doesn't have to make any explanations to anybody. It's "constitutional."

Laws have been passed to stop the boss from this power over you. These laws said the boss would have to give you a statement explaining why he fired a man. The courts—the wheezy, bald-headed, sour-faced Supreme Court judges—say the law is "unconstitutional." And so it's wiped off the books. The case is down in the law books as *Wallace v. G. C. & N. R. Co.*, 94 Ga. 732.

Ever blacklisted? Ever know a man who went from one shop to another, one railroad to another, and after they looked at their books they wouldn't give him a job?

Do you know thousands of men in this country have left their old homes, traveled hundreds of miles and changed their names in order to get jobs?

That is exactly what has happened. Now to help out on this, laws have been passed. These laws say no boss or corporation can blacklist a working man. The law ain't any good. It's "unconstitutional."

Any boss can blacklist any workman he wants to. And the Supreme Court says to the boss the same thing the Paris Garter company says to its customers, "No metal can touch you." On the law books the case is down as *Wabash R. Co. v. Young*, 162, Ind. 102.

Does the law say you can belong to a labor union? The law does. Is the law any good? It is not.

The courts—the wheezy, bald-headed, solemn-faced judges—say the law is "unconstitutional."

There are at least seven cases where workmen tried to buck their bosses in court and get for themselves the right to hold their jobs while at the same time holding union cards. In these seven cases all that the workmen found out was that the law is no good.

The boss fires any worker, union card or no union card, and the worker is wasting time to go into the courts about it.

When he gets into court, the cards are

stacked, the dice loaded, the game framed.

The more a workingman learns in the law books the more he falls back on his organization and the power of direct action to help him.

Injunctions. In California, Indiana, and other states, labor men got a law onto the books that said employers couldn't get injunctions. When the supreme courts—the wheezy, bald-headed, solemn-faced judges—got through with the job, the employers or the bosses had a clear and clean right to get all the injunctions they wanted against workmen on strike, in boycott or sabotage.

The boss guesses you are going to do something. He goes to a judge and gets a written court order telling you that you can not do what he guesses maybe you will do. On the law books the boss is wrong. In the minds of the judges the law is wrong and so it is not a law and the boss gets his injunction.

Labor laws get in wrong with supreme courts over and over again. There's a law on the Illinois books about public employment offices. It says when a boss comes to such an office and asks for names of men who want jobs, the office shall not give him those names if there is a strike on in the shop of such a boss. This law, says the Supreme Court of Illinois, is "unconstitutional."

In Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Colorado, miners got laws fixing it up so they would get paid for all the coal they mined. A weighman with scales should stand with every mine gang and weigh and write down how many pounds of coal each man was digging. In these four states the supreme courts all say this law is no good and the mine operators don't have to have a check weighman.

Suppose a workman gets cheated out of wages. Suppose he goes into court and beats the employer in court and wins the wages he was cheated of. Who pays his lawyer? He pays the lawyer himself. In some states the law says the boss must pay the lawyer because the lawyer did nice work getting back for the workman what was stolen from him. But the law is no good. Supreme Court judges say it's "unconstitutional."

So with many other laws in different states. "You must pay wages twice a month; you shall not pay in scrip; you shall not charge higher than common market prices in company stores"—that's what the laws said as they were written on the books. The wheezy, bald-headed, solemn-faced Supreme Court judges—the cheezy and rotten panhandlers, who talk about "justice" as though they know "justice" when they see it—have stopped these laws from counting for anything by calling them "unconstitutional."

About the best sample of a fake law is the 8-hour day law in Colorado. For twenty years the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company slipped away and outside this law. The 12,000 miners supposed to have the 8-hour day, according to law, never had it.

Letters from L. M. Bowers, chairman of the Board of Directors of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, to John D. Rockefeller, Jr., show that the company bosses got afraid that the law might be put into action. Just what it was that threw the scare into them on this point is not clear.

Anyhow, they tried the 8-hour day. It paid them. They found they could skin the workers out of just as big profits with an 8-hour day as with a ten or twelve-hour day.

Why do the workers get the dirty end of the stick from judges? Some people say it's because the rich have more money to hire crackerjack lawyers than the poor. This is true, but it isn't the worst of it.

Year after year the cry comes from workers that the judges who decide on cases of freedom and of wages naturally think and feel with the bosses and against the workers. It is charged that judges lean so far toward the bosses that they tip over. Prof. Henry R. Seager, of Columbia University, says the job of a lawyer is to protect property most of the time; the corporation lawyer is the big fellow in the law game; and a majority of judges were one time corporation lawyers.

Property first and human rights second. That's the way the Constitution of the United States reads to the eyes of most judges.

Look over language of the United States Constitution and the Constitutions of the States, and as you glance at the words and think the words over, the feeling comes to you that whoever wrote them had the idea that there are some human rights that are sacred.

Take such language as this for a sample: "Nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty or property, without due process of law."

Then read what the Constitution says about trial by jury, unwarranted arrest and search, free speech, free assembly, writ of habeas corpus, bearing of arms.

Read these words out loud, pronouncing them to yourself as they are written in the Constitution. You get then a pretty sure hunch that the Constitution was supposed to mean something.

Men with much land and much money and machinery, capitalists, have come along with one trick and then another and made all of this good, straight, simple language of the Constitution mean nothing.

Trial by jury—how does it work? First of all, there is only a small percentage of real working class men that gets called for jury duty. The middle class and the small business men and professional jurors and court room hangers-on get onto juries more often than real working class men.

There is a bunch of rebels against the Chicago Bar Association, who have what they call the Lawyers' Association of Illinois. They looked into the jury system of Cook County to find out where jurors come from. They found that these occupations led all others in the make-up of juries: managers, superintendents, foremen, presidents and owners of companies, secretaries of companies, merchants, agents, salesmen, clerks, and bookkeepers.

They showed 76,000 mechanics belonging to the Building Trades Council of Chicago, and yet out of 3,440 jurors looked up, there were only 200 mechanics drawn from the 76,000 in the Building Trades Council.

The right to organize—what about it?
When you run back from all these

wrongs and these fakes and frame-ups of law, you find that one of the worst wrongs of all is the police and the soldiers and the judges joining with the bosses in the terrible command, "You shall not organize."

One way or another the workers must have this right to organize or they don't make headway.

Any freedom that comes to the workers without organization is only a joke worth a horse-laugh.

This point is backed up by history.

Where a thousand workers stand together, organized, they are a power.

One working man alone going into the office of a boss to ask for higher wages or better conditions is a nut and a loon, and the best he gets is a swift kick.

The bosses laugh at one working man and it costs nothing to get him out of the way.

A thousand working men who know what they want and will take action to get it are hard and costly for any boss to handle.

A MILLION YOUNG WORKMEN

By C. S.

A million young workmen, straight and strong, lay stiff on the grass and roads,

And the million are now under soil and their rotting flesh will in the years feed roots of blood-red roses.

Yes, this million of young workmen slaughtered one another and never saw their red hands.

And O it would have been a great job of killing and a new and beautiful thing under the sun if the million knew why they hacked and tore each other to death.

The kings are grinning, the kaiser and the czar—they are alive riding in leather-seated motor cars, and they have their women and roses for ease, and they eat fresh-poached eggs for breakfast, new butter on toast, sitting in tall water-tight houses reading the news of war.

I dreamed a million ghosts of the young workmen rose in their shirts all soaked in crimson and yelled:

God damn the grinning kings. God damn the kaiser and the czar.

THE DAILY NEWS, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1915.

15



100,000 MEN FOR SALE

This headline may startle you, but it is a serious one.

It does not represent a "traffic in souls," or a return to ante-bellum days.

It is a straightforward, honest proposition to the business men of Chicago who need help—any kind of help.

We have 100,000 men for sale to the highest bidder during the remaining months of 1915.

They are sound, able-bodied, alert, active, energetic, honest men. They possess more than the average quota of brains.

They are endowed with skill to a marked degree.

They will bring you efficiency and energy, plus, and aid you in building a bigger and better business.

Some of this army of activity are bakers and bookkeepers; others are butchers, cooks, cashiers, clerks, designers, dentists, electricians, engineers, firemen, farmers, foremen, gardeners, machinists, mechanics, painters, printers, shoemakers, stenographers, salesmen and solicitors. In the aggregate, they represent more than one hundred and one trades and professions.

They will be offered for sale to the highest bidder—first come, first served—beginning to-morrow

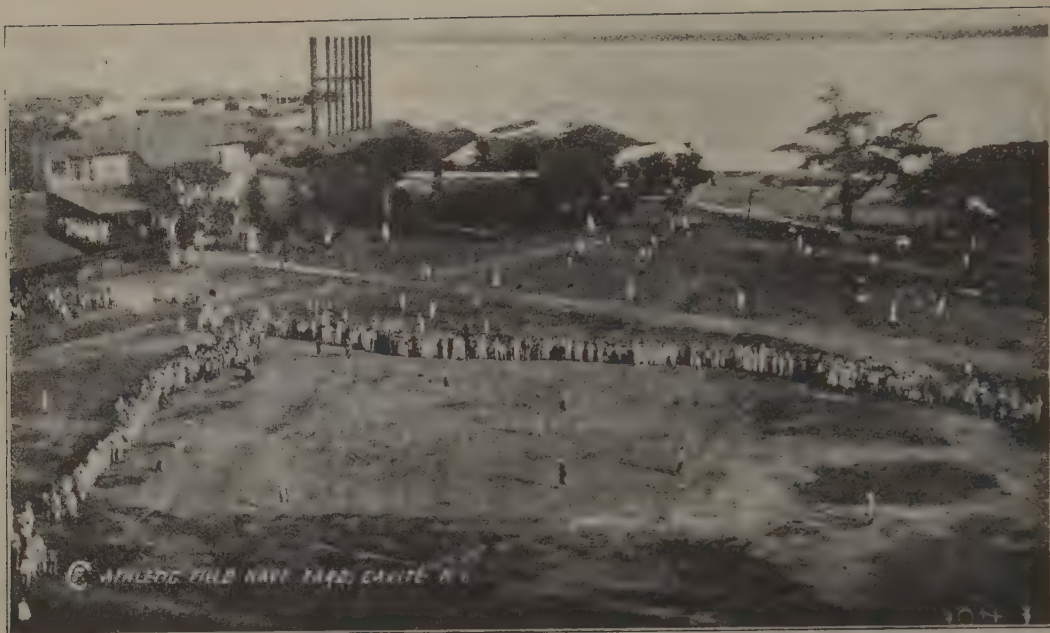
To secure the pick of this human hive of energy all you have to do is to place an advertisement in the "want ad" columns of *The Daily News*, the bargain counter for brains and the main dependence of Chicago employers for nearly forty years.

The *Daily News* prints more "Help Wanted" advertisements than all other Chicago papers combined, Sunday papers included.

"Results" are the reason.



THE most recent figures issued by the Department of Labor indicate that over 3,000,000 people are unemployed for an average of two months every year; that over 2,500,000 are unemployed for an average of five months; that 736,000 are idle for an average of nine and a half months, and that 2,177,000 men and women are out of work for an average of twelve months in every year.



A BASEBALL GAME IN CAVITE, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

BASEBALL CIVILIZING THE SAVAGES IN THE PHILIPPINES

By MARION WRIGHT

FIRST baseball, then good roads. In the process of civilizing a savage people no factors count like these two. Baseball and good roads. Missionaries stay at it for centuries, backed up always by a gunboat, and fail. "Trade," that mysterious talisman that is supposed to open all ports and bring all manner of men to listen to reason sometimes passes a savage race as a stranger. Force, means in many cases utter extermination if the tribe is to be brought around to the white man's way of thinking. But where the Bible, the sword and the dollar fail there is always the willow stick and the horsehide sphere, and then good roads.

Get a bush league organized, brush out the trails so the people of one village can pass comfortably to the next to watch a

game and you have them eating out of your hand.

Up to five or six years ago the Bontoc Igorots of the Philippines gave Uncle Sam more trouble than all the others combined. There was a reason. The Bontocs and other savage peoples of Northern Luzon were hill-men. They had been chased up into their mountain retreats ages ago by the "water-men." Just like the Lowlanders and Highlanders in Scotland. And the hill-men, finding it difficult to keep the pot boiling on what they could scrape up on the mountain side, took to raiding the lowlanders and carrying off their goods—and heads. So the mountain folk became habitual robbers and confirmed head collectors.

Half a million savages there were living in a country so rough and broken that only

by the hardest labor could they level off enough land to sprout their scanty crops. The raids on the "water-men" did not always pan out according to design and a man must eat. In some places these exiled wild men, fighting a desperate battle with nature for a place to grow their rice, terraced whole mountain sides, and evolved in their ignorance, out of necessity, some of the most wonderfully perfect irrigation systems in the world.

On these narrow fields and "paddys" the women and children toiled while in the narrow defiles, gaps, and from rocky crags the men watched for an enemy or marched with a raiding party into another clearing.

To take a head was a young man's religion and his sweetheart's pride. He was not particular whose head he took so long as he was not on speaking terms with its owner so raids on the lowlanders gradually shortened into a foray into the next valley. In time, village became pitted against village. Trade there was none and there were no roads. A man carried only his spear, knife, shield and "G" string away

from home and if he returned he brought back the same—plus a head or two. "Unsocial" would be a mild word indeed to describe the state of mind entertained toward one another by the tribes of Northern Luzon when the government finally decided to see if something couldn't be done.

A detachment of American troops sufficiently strong could go through the Bontoc country unmolested. In fact the military officers established a kind of loose government over the territory. But the tribal wars and head collecting continued scarcely abated and the American school teachers, who bravely plied their trade in the shadow of the flag, were in despair—until baseball hit the islands.

Christianized Filipinos around the larger cities went wild over baseball and it gradually spread to the hills. With the great national pastime went busy, patient, and tactful white men who urged the chief men of two villages to build a good trail between and stood by to prevent blood-letting when the gangs met. A game was arranged. Other trails from other villages came in



HEADHUNTING IGORROTES OF A FEW YEARS AGO; BEFORE THE BASEBALL AND ROAD BUILDING ERA BEGAN.

and a league was formed. They were off!

That was half a dozen years ago and they began by widening their trails. Now they build and care for sure-enough concrete roads under the supervision of American engineers, and they have some cracking good baseball teams.

A few years ago had you been unlucky enough to happen upon a Bontoc *barrio* after dark you might have been sensible of something unusual going on. Inside the circle of huts a ring of naked savages brandishing spear and bolo, kriss and barong, would have been trailing each other like demons around a flickering fire, shrieking and shrilling the story of the kill above the rhythmic din of the tom-toms. Women, children, and old men would have been dimly discerned crouched in the shadows watching the frenzied warriors while in front of the spectators you might have seen a row of stakes—two to a dozen or so—depending on luck—each stake topped with human head.

They called this shin-dig a *canao* and it was pulled off to celebrate a successful raid. They still dance the *canao* in the Bontoc country but there are no heads used in the ceremony except those of the dancers. They dance it to a finish now every time they finish a new road.

Beginning on the borders of the hill-country the trails were pushed farther and farther back and then criss-crossed and spider-webbed until access became easy between villages whose inhabitants had not been previously aware of the existence of the other.

Sometimes it was hard to get the wild men of a little town together on the idea of road making. There were many obstinately conservative head hunters who had long held out against Bible and bayonet. But patience, tact, and a few practice games usually won them over. The young Igorot laid down his spear and knife, joined a team and allowed himself to be coaxed between the handles of a wheelbarrow.

Having him this far the government promptly slapped a tax on him of ten days labor on the roads, and the road builders learned about citizenship. They also learned that a road must be kept in repair after it is finished, and the "aldermen," as we would call them, of the *barrios* were not slow to pass laws to insure the upkeep of the highways.

The Philippines have about 5,000 miles of good roads. During the rainy season a paid road man is assigned to every half mile of the system and there is one to every mile during the dry months. Concrete "Kilometer" posts mark the distance and stocks of repair material are kept always on hand.

And there is something more than the taming of the natives in this good roads campaign in the Islands. The Philippines are wonderfully rich in minerals and fine hard woods. A good road always precedes the tapping of a forest or the opening of a mine.

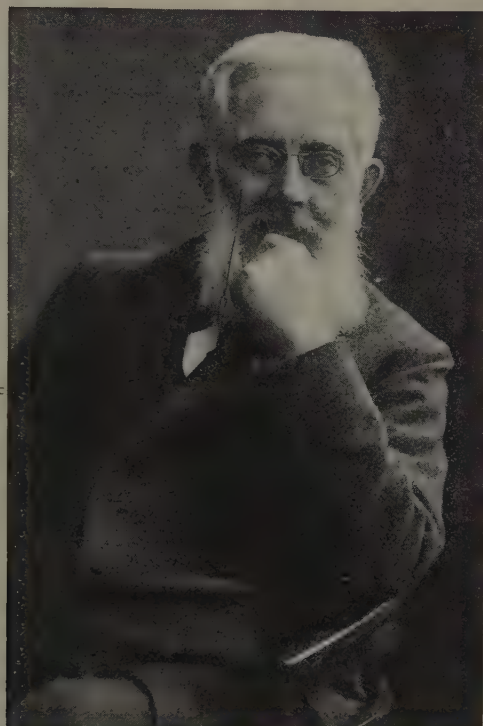
In ten years Philippine commerce has grown from \$66,000,000 to \$120,000,000. Baseball and fine roads are helping the good work go on.

From South Africa—The Reds of Johannesburg, South Africa, have increased their standing bundle order for Reviews from fifty to one hundred. More power to them.

Toronto, Canada, Comrades write that their bundle of September Reviews went like hot cakes on a cold morning. The roast on Billy Sunday evidently made a hit with our northern comrades. They also make us feel good by increasing their bundle order several copies.

FROM THE REDS OF GERMANY

AN INTERESTING LETTER



FRANZ MEHRING.

Veteran Fighter of the Old School. A Revolutionary Scholar and an Internationalist Before and After August 4, 1914.

DEAR Comrade Bohn: It was a great pleasure to me to greet you here at Berlin and through you to hear of the American comrades who stand firm in the Socialist faith during a time of unprecedented confusion.

We are only "a very small minority," a handful of intractable fanatics—as the superwise statesmen proclaim, the same statesmen who have found a new source of inspiration for the modern labor movement in the mass-murder of a world war. After one has been denounced in this way during nine long months, and by the highest authority, one may be excused

for beginning to lose faith in himself. You will understand, therefore, dear comrade, that it gives us deep satisfaction to be assured by comrades in other countries that we are still in possession of our five senses and that our sole crime consists in not having been able to forget in one great chanvinistic spasm all that we have taught and learned during a generation devoted to Socialism.

I do not mean to say by this that we ever seriously questioned the fact that we are on the right road. We owe it to the German working class also, to say that it has never forgotten its great task as ut-

terly as some of its leaders. So long as Germany is still in a state of siege an appearance of truth may be given to the tale about "the great majority" and "the small minority." But even if we were "a very small minority," our victory would not be less certain. The logic of events will finally open the eyes of those who are today wandering in strange ways and will gather them at last under the red flag of proletarian emancipation.

It is true that we had not counted on such a terrible crisis as this one which international Socialism has to endure. Had anyone prophesied nine months ago what we have lived through during the past nine months, he would have been consigned to a madhouse. But anyone who is turned from his revolutionary convictions even by the most terrible catastrophe never really deserved to bear the honorable name of Socialist. If the way

to peace proves to be longer and more difficult than we believed and hoped, only a fool will lose his reckoning because of it; a sensible person will only increase the zeal with which he seeks his goal.

Even if the old International is broken down, its spirit is not buried under the ruins. But this spirit would be smothered by a policy of deception and secrecy. The only thing that can restore it is a policy of ruthless self-criticism—of which Marx once said that it is the necessary condition to revolutionary progress.

In the spirit of our great leaders of former days we labor at the rebuilding of the International, and in the consciousness of our mission we can disregard the slanders launched against us and set them down as what they really are, proofs of weakness in those who fabricate them.

Berlin, 1915. FRANZ MEHRING.
(Translation by W. E. B.)

Manifesto of Editors and Publishers of the "Internationale"

THE undersigned editors and publishers of The International feel impelled to make the following protest:

After the suppression of our journal by the police was publicly known the executive committee of the Party saw fit to send to the officials of local organizations and distribute generally in the Party the following circular letter:

Berlin, April 23, 1915.

Various recent events make it constantly clearer that a small group of persons are busily attempting to destroy the unity of the German labor movement.

This group is not by any means identical with the minority which was opposed to the positions taken by the parliamentary group in balloting on August 4, December 2, and March 20. It constitutes rather a very small minority within this minority. With few exceptions all party members are at one in the firm resolve to maintain the power of the working class, which will be more necessary than ever after the war.

To this end it is necessary to deal objectively with differences of opinion, to avoid denunciation, suspicion, and slander. This applies, of course, to the right wing as well as to the left.

Various persons heap insults on the elected representatives of the working class. They do this systematically in public prints at home and abroad.

After a spitefully edited journal called "Lichtstrahlen" had been distributed for some time Rosa Luxemburg and Franz Mehring have now begun the publication of a monthly magazine, "Die Internationale," printed in Düsseldorf. In this magazine, not only are numerous false statements made—the correction of which is no part of the purpose of this document—but the party is scandalously criticised in a series of articles. It has "handed in its political resignation," its "collapse is unprecedented," "in the course of twenty-four hours it went up in smoke," etc. The best known leaders are treated in the same way. Yes, even supporters of the minority are scolded because they dare to disagree in some points with the publishers of the "Internationale."

Comrade Kautsky, who is known and honored throughout the international movement is disgracefully berated by Rosa Luxemburg and Franz Mehring. His theory is said to be the "willing servant of the official party practice," and is

called the "theory of the voluntary eunuchs." "Die Neue Zeit" is called a prostitute. Comrade Currow, on the score of his excellent article "Party Downfall," is accused of open deception. In another passage the party is denounced in anarchistic phrases as "the glorifier of numbers and full treasuries as the only means of salvation."

This "Internationale" is openly attempting to destroy our party unity. Its distribution goes on just as systematically as did that of the "Lichstrahlen" and various anonymous publications. Opposition to this activity is the duty of every party member who agrees with us that the strength of the German working class must not be destroyed by internal quarrels. Internal differences must be so managed that the unity of the movement will survive the war. Anyone who breaks this rule deals worse by the German working class than the worst enemy.

The next party congress, which is to be called as soon as circumstances permit, will have to decide upon the policies of the future. It is the right and the duty of each member to try to bring about a decision in accord with his convictions.

The fact that this is possible without a campaign of persecution is proved by the attitude of the great majority of the minority group.

We expect party officials to offer energetic opposition to the systematic attempts to bring about confusion in the party organization and to reduce its power. This can be done most effectively by distributing informing articles on the party policies.

(Signed) The Executive Committee.

The statement that the "Internationale" designs to destroy the unity of the party we denounce as false. The "Internationale" does represent a systematic attempt not "to introduce confusion," but rather to represent party principles which have been the common intellectual property of Socialists for fifty years and which were those of the executive committee up to August 4 of last year.

The committee excuses itself from producing any proof of its false assertion. It is satisfied with the methods with which

comrades have become familiar in the official proceedings against party papers.

First it hurls a mass of denunciatory terms at the "Internationale"; "denunciations, suspicions and slanders, "unparalleled defamation," numerous false statements, "Scandalous berating of the party," "Anarchistic phrases," "mad persecution," etc. What is to be accomplished by these terms it is difficult to see, since the circular letter refrains from the "correction" of errors.

In the second place the committee again imitating our prosecuting attorneys, quotes isolated sentences of mere phrases in order to prove the good-for-nothing character of the "Internationale." So far as these fragments belong to the undersigned they are willing to pass over the injustice done them with a mere shrug of the shoulders. But the great majority of the citations are from the introductory essay by Comrade Luxemburg, who is now in jail and will long remain there because she opposed German militarism more bravely and effectively than did anyone else up to the very beginning of the war. Comrade Luxemburg would not desire us to defend her against charges which give an entirely false notion of her work. But this much we must say for her: Whoever represents her article as slander or persecution and is unable to recognize the fact that her scornful words breathe the most glowing zeal for the unity and purity of the party, is caught in the influence of a petrified bureaucracy and entirely without the passion which all pioneer Socialists from St. Simon to Lassalle regarded as the condition of great and fine deeds.

In the meantime what "Norwaerts" said some days ago of another party paper applies to the executive committee: "Even if the 'Hamburger Echo' is unable to see that throwing together a bundle of an opponent's epithets is the most poverty-stricken method of argument, its own consciousness of guilt in this kind should have saved it from such pharaseisms." Indeed, leaving the truth of the charges out of account, what is there to justify the executive committee in assuming the part of prosecutor? Has it not been quietly looking on while Keil and Heine, Grunwald and Hänisch, Hausch

Südekum and the others have for months been going on with the destruction of the party? These are the ones who are working confusion in the party, not only by using right and left the imperialist and nationalist catch phrases which up to a year ago were the uncoveted property of the landlords, but also by doing their best to force out of the party the comrades who continue to believe in the old party principles.

Surely if these party-destroyers fall on the faithful party members with such expressions as "conceited politicians," "disturbers," "undisciplined," "self-advertisers," etc. The executive committee is justified in assuming that it is not required to bother with feeble maunderings which serve no purpose but to make their authors ridiculous. But it is something quite different when more than one party paper ascribes the parliamentary activity of Comrade Liebknecht to low, personal motives. It is an entirely different thing, too, when papers and orators twist and turn an entirely unequivocal essay of Engel's in order to make it support contemporary imperialism. It is a different thing when a party member writing in a conservative magazine attempts to turn the party into an object of mirth for the ruling classes. It is a different thing when the "Hamburger Echo" denounces the Socialist party of a neutral country as the product of a few lawyers without clients who are exploiting the poor proletariat. It is a different thing when Member-of-the-Reichstag Heine publicly betrays a comrade as the author of a manifesto which is being made the object of official prosecution. It is a different thing when Member-of-the-Landtag Haenisch grovels for the favor of the Prussian government and promises that the disturbers will be expelled from the party at the first party congress after the conclusion of peace. If the executive

committee can endure all this in peace—and we have mentioned only a few out of many examples of destructive activity—then it need not go far in search of the worst enemy of the party. The party principles are above it and above "all the elected officials of the working class," just as they are above us. This committee is under obligation to represent these principles and if it fails to do so we are not obliged to remain silent. And the committee will not deny that the resolutions of the international congresses, Stuttgart (1907), Kopenhagen (1911), and Basel (1912), with regard to the outbreak of an imperialistic war have not been represented by its activities since August 4 of last year, but have been torn into shreds. The comfort which it derives from the talk about "the very small minority," we readily grant the committee, without the resounding response to the first number of the "Internationale," its circular letter would have been unnecessary.

Of the "distribution of informing articles on party policies" we shall see to it that there is no lack, and we shall not allow ourselves to be deterred by the fact that the party-destroyers, under the friendly protection of the military censorship and the silent consent of the executive committee, tear down faster than we are able to build up. For our trust is not in our feeble power, but in the conquering force of Socialist thought, which, in the long run always reduces to ridicule the sword of the flesh as well as the papal bull.

PETER BERTEN.

KATE DUNCKER.

PAUL LANGE.

FRANZ MEHRING.

HEINRICH STROBEL.

AUGUST THALHEIMER.

KLARA ZETKIN.

(Translated by W. E. B.)

RAILROAD REBELS

A By-Product of Arbitration

By J. D. WILLIAMS



FOR years the Railroad Brotherhoods have been the despair of all men whose vision was progressive. Here was a rock of conservatism that yielded to no pounding of the waves of radical thought that were constantly sweeping against it. Would Socialism gain a foothold in America? No! Look at the Railroad Brotherhoods and be comforted if you were a reactionary.

Was there such a thing as a class struggle? No! Please don't be absurd. Every thing that vexes us can be settled by arbitration. Men will get together; look each other calmly and judiciously in the eye and all difficulties will immediately cease from troubling and the burden of life can again be taken up by the over-worked stockholder, while the employees go back fully satisfied—to the light and airy tasks of firing a "Battleship," or running for one's health along the slippery tops of fast or local freights.

It seems though that in the course of

railroading a continual stream of things were bobbing up that did not make for peaceful conditions. The management and the men were constantly bickering about one thing or another in railroad operation and about the time they were ready to look each other calmly and judiciously in the eye each group had got pretty firmly convinced of the merits of its side in the controversy. What should we do in this deadlock? Why call in the arbitrators! We will bring men in to decide who are not set in their opinions, who have no prejudices and who will, after due deliberation, render a just and fair award.

Where are there any such men? There may be such on Mars, but surely they are very difficult to find here. Why? For the simple reason that working conditions and dividends on a railroad stand in the same relationship to each other that working conditions and profits do in all industry. A man who is directly or indirectly connected with the business of making a

living out of profits can't be expected to condemn that method of getting an easy living. While the man who is working for wages can't help but see that 'his brother has a just grievance.

And under those two heads fall all of the inhabitants of this world. Impartial arbitration exists only in the imagination. "There aint no such thing." The best demonstration of this is to make sufficient mistakes; to get "wise" and to conclude no further proof is necessary. The railroad men have written Q. E. D. after this formula. They have proved negatively that arbitration does not arbitrate, for even the awards have led to endless discussion and we have had the spectacle of arbitrators being chosen to arbitrate the award.

There have been passed two federal laws regulating the arbitration between the railroads and the railroad men, one, the Erdman Act, the other the Newlands Act. Both have been operative for some time and under the provisions of both, arbitrations have been conducted. What has been the result, the men have found out that when they "won," they lost and when they did not win, they also lost. Think this over carefully and see how many times they won.

The mechanism called arbitration has had a fair and complete trial by the railroad men. They have backed up their Grand Lodge Officers with loyalty and money. They have played the game as the officers asked. They have seen machinery of a more and more powerful type introduced, making the work fall onto fewer shoulders. They have found themselves face to face with the question of enforced unemployment and they know now that arbitration solves none of these problems. They know now that it is even impossible to introduce such a subject as

"unemployment" in the face of the railroad plea that they require all of this "efficiency" paraphernalia in order to meet fixed charges and dividends. The railroad owners never arbitrate their right to dividends.

It has taken considerable time to do it, but the mechanism of railroading is rapidly producing a rebel proletariat—a revolutionary proletariat is in the offing but plainly perceptible. Arbitration has failed to produce the result that it was hoped it would accomplish. Through it some hoped for Industrial Peace. It is, in fact, establishing that hideous monster, from the railroad owner's point of view—Industrial Unionism.

All advocates of arbitration believe this was the one thing that arbitration would prevent, but logically and inevitably, out of the conditions in the industry is coming one great, irresistible organization to supplant what is now only the nucleus of what is going to be. This failure of arbitration has begat its own negation. Now for a trial of strength.

The Brotherhoods are now setting themselves to the task of putting their house in order. The call for solidarity proceeds from the aristocrats of the railroad world, the engineers and firemen. They want things; they see the necessary steps to be taken to get them, and they have thrown theory to the winds and are going to let the facts and the needs of their very lives, dictate their future policy. From an organization called the Railroad Workers Educational League, formed on the Boston & Maine and New Haven Systems, they have issued a clarion call to all railroad workers to join to discuss their common grievances and to take the necessary steps to form the Railroad Workers Industrial Union.

(For further information, address Railroad and Transportation Workers' Educational League, P. O. Box 474, Hammond, Ind.)



LITTLE LAUGHING BOY



STORIES OF THE CAVE PEOPLE BY MARY E. MARCY.

WHEN the luscious fruit ripened and fell and the nut season came around, the time of joy and plenty was at hand for the Cave Dwellers. Then millions of fish sought the shallows of the river; nourishing plants, with a strange bitter-sweet flavor, thrust up their heads, and the nests were full of eggs for the hand of him who cared to gather.

It was then only that the Cave People were never hungry. With plenty abounding always in the forest, they feasted continually and grew fat against those periods of famine that spread through the long after-suns and the dreary wet seasons.

True it was, that their enemies of the forest thrived and grew strong also. The green snakes awoke and wound themselves around the branches of trees, with eyes that glistened and glowed toward every living creature. And the brush grew thick and abounded with creeping things.

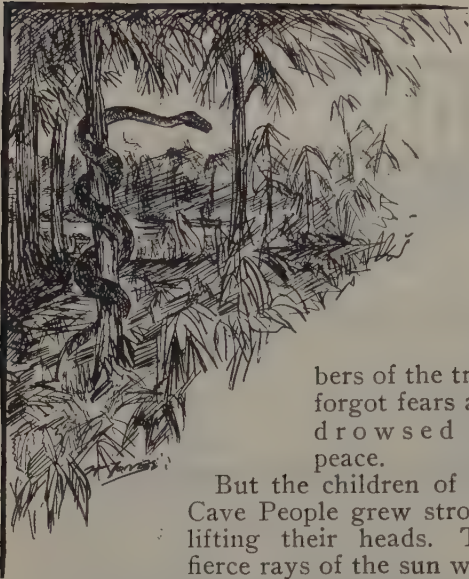
The cubs of the black bear flourished and the fierce hyena yielded bounteously to her young. Great flocks of strange and familiar birds darkened the sky and swooped down upon the berry bushes and swept them bare. But for all these there was enough and to spare for the wants of the Cave Dwellers.

Even the limbs of Strong Arm, the wise and brave, grew soft during this season, for his stomach was always filled. The fierce rays of the tropical sun beat down upon the heads of the Cave Dwellers, filling them with a sweet drowsiness. There was nothing to drive them forth from the shades of the Hollow, where the waters of the river washed the green rocks, and teemed with thousands of golden and silver fish.

It was not in the season of plenty that the Cave People learned new ways to trap the black bear, or to snare the wild pig. Nor did they at that time seek to fashion new weapons or to travel strange paths. Rarely they plied the waters. These were not the days of progress or discovery, and the minds of the Cave People grew torpid and they forgot many things they had learned in the times of hunger and activity.

The hands of the youths and maidens lost a portion of their cunning and the older members of the tribe grew lazy and dull. For the bread fruit ripened and the tubers grew thick and all the land smiled with a bountiful supply of daily food.

The season of plenty was come. And the Cave People loved and laughed and feasted and were content. Few dangers menaced during those days and the mem-



bers of the tribe forgot fears and drowned in peace.

But the children of the Cave People grew strong, lifting their heads. The fierce rays of the sun were unable to subdue them. Laughing Boy, grown tall and straight, was weaned at last. Always he laughed, showing his large white teeth, like a dark dog snapping at a bone. And he danced and ran about, spilling the strong life that surged up within him and would not be stilled.

With his young friend, The Fish, whom the Cave People had given his name because of his early skill in swimming, Laughing Boy learned many things. Their joy and juvenility seemed exhaustless, and their romps and chattering ended only with the days.

Not many years before, the fathers and mothers of the Cave People had come down out of the trees to dwell. The Tree Dwellers found shelter in the natural caves that lined the river bank. In time they learned to walk erect, on two legs. The Cave Dwellers resembled them very closely. The arms of the Cave People had grown shorter as they ceased to swing themselves constantly, from tree to tree. The thumb of the foot disappeared and they now possessed a great toe in its place. Still the feet of the Cave Dwellers retained the power of prehension. They were able to hold--to cling awkwardly with them.

In the children this power was very marked. On the skirts of the forest they loved to clamber up the slim trees, poise on the swaying boughs and swing themselves from branch to branch, like young

monkeys. This gave them strength of limb and quickness of vision. Soon they learned to choose those branches strong enough to bear their weight, as they flung themselves through great gaps of space to seize the boughs of a neighboring tree.

But the fear of the green snakes, that wound about and hid themselves among the leaves, kept them near the Hollow. Only on rare occasions did they penetrate deep into the forest.

Among many of the savages living today great skill and agility prevails. We are told of tribes whose members are able, by a partial circling of the trunks, with their arms, and by the clinging and pressing of flexible toes, to mount trees in a sort of walk.

Jack London writes that this is a common practice of the natives of the South Sea Islands. And we are assured by several young friends that the art has not wholly disappeared among our own boys.

Many were the feats accomplished among the swaying branches of the trees by Laughing Boy, and his friend, The Fish, in their frolics many years ago. Their feet were never still. Their jabberings flowed without end. Tireless as the birds they were and gay as youth itself.

One day, as they played, Laughing Boy found a flat, curved piece of wood. It was as long as the arm of a man and had been split from a tree during a storm. Laughing Boy hurled the stick far into the air at his friend, The Fish. But The Fish threw himself from the bank, into the river, to avoid it. And he screamed with joy as he disappeared beneath the waters. Then a very strange thing happened. For the flat stick swished through the air, like a great bird, far over the river. Then it turned about and whirled slowly back again, where it fell at the feet of Laughing Boy. At once the hair of his head rose with fear, and he ran to his mother uttering shrill squeals of alarm. Quack Quack awoke from her sleep and snatched up a bone weapon, for she thought one of the forest enemies had attacked Laughing Boy.

But he pointed only to the strange, curved stick and clung to her, in terror. All the while he jabbered wildly. Quack

Quack desired to quiet his fear, so she flung the stick far out over the river, as he had done. Then again the big stick swished through the air, turned about and whirled gently back, striking her arm. Then it fell at her feet.

Whereupon Laughing Boy screamed and ran into the Cave. Then a great fear assailed Quack Quack and she added her cries to his. And all the Cave People hurried to her side to learn the cause of so much trouble.

Again the strange stick was hurled toward the river, and once more it returned. And all the Cave People marveled and were afraid. For they could not understand a stick that returned when it was thrown.

Strong Arm only was brave enough to touch it with his fingers. His face bore a strange wonder that such things could be possible to a mere stick. And he carried it to his cave, where he hid it among the rocks, under the dead leaves.

But when the nuts were gone and the season of plenty had passed away, and there was need for the Cave People to hunt, he brought it forth again. After many seasons, a flat stick, curved in the manner of the one first found by Laughing Boy, came to be used as a weapon by the Cave People.

Perhaps you have seen the painted boomerangs sold in some of our stores today. They are the same shape as those first used by the ancient Cave Dwellers. A small pasteboard boomerang, cut the right size and shape will interest the children. When struck with a lead pencil, it will whirl through the air and return, just as the larger and more formidable boomerangs did when thrown at their enemies by the Cave Dwellers many thousands of years ago.

After a time the alarm and excitement caused by Laughing Boy's discovery of the first rude boomerang, died away. The strange stick no longer menaced them, and the Cave People returned to their feasting and their slumbers. And Laughing Boy and his young friend, The Fish, resumed their play.

They chased each other up and down the Hollow or concealed themselves in the long grass that lined the river bank. At each discovery they tossed and rolled

over and over again, like puppies, wild with the exuberance of young blood.

It was one of their great pleasures to lie chattering in the grass on the top of the river bank and roll, tumbling, down into the clear waters. Then, amid a great splashing and much laughter, to clamber out and up the slope again. Thus the children of the Cave Dwellers romped and grew strong, during the season of plenty, in the days of old.

One day it chanced that Laughing Boy stumbled over a large cocoanut, during his frolics with his young friend. He seized it in his arms and danced about, jabbering with glee, that his friend might know the treasure he had found.

In an instant The Fish was upon him, but Laughing Boy rolled over in the grass and bounded away, with squeals of delight. Then, for no reason in the world, save that the blood pounded riotously in his veins, he darted into the wood, bearing his prize.

The Fish followed, close on his heels, as Laughing Boy threw shrill mocking cries over his shoulder. The Fish gave answer with a whirling stone, while more mocking cries from Laughing Boy announced that his aim was bad. And, O, the fun of the chase through the deep woods! The rollicking laugh and the deep shouts of The Fish as they startled the birds from their nests in the old forest!

The brush grew thicker with every step and the trees locked branches more closely with their neighbors for want of room to stretch them freely toward the sun.

When he reached the tall lautania palm which marked the point beyond which it was unsafe for the children of the Cave People to go alone, Laughing Boy concealed himself in the brush. He thought to be able to elude his brown playmate, and while The Fish sought him beyond the bunya-bunya, to dash backward, toward the Hollow.

In a moment came The Fish. But the deep breathing of Laughing Boy and a rustling of the bushes made known his hiding place. As his friend parted the thicket, Laughing Boy had time only to crawl out on the opposite side and dart onward ere he was caught. A shout and

a shrill chattering told his victory, and he disappeared again. The Fish grunted his displeasure, but he was not far behind.

In the tall bambusa Laughing Boy again hid himself, and it was by the tripping of The Fish over a creeping vine that he escaped. But his foot blundered on a cone from the bunya tree and the cocoanut slipped from his hands. The two boys threw themselves downward and rolled over each other in their eagerness to recover it.

The Fish gave a shout of joy and made away, holding the cocoanut above his head for Laughing Boy to see. A warm sweat covered their bodies and their bronze skins shone like burnished copper.

On and on they ran. Further and still further they plunged into the depths of the forest. They forgot the dangers that lurked there and the wise warnings of the Cave People. They forgot their playmate, Crooked Leg, who had wandered into the wood and vanished from the face of the Hollow. Fears they had none, only laughter and the joy of abundant youth!

All this time the grown members of the tribe of the Cave People slept securely in the cool of the hollow. Their protruding bellies told of continued eating and no one among them marked the absence of The Fish and Laughing Boy.

Thicker and more dark grew the forest which the boys penetrated. The way grew rough, and the tough vines trailing through the undergrowth often tripped them. Still they lunged forward with no thought of turning their faces toward the Hollow.

It was a crackling in the brush that warned them. The cocoanut rolled from the hands of The Fish and the boys crouched low together. No sound they made, save the breath in their throats which struggled to be free. Couchant, they strained their bodies into an attitude of listening. Came again a soft rustling in the thicket. This time nearer. And then—through the long bambusa, they saw the head and throat of a grey hyena.

For a moment they paused while the sweat froze on their brown skins. Their lips drew back in a snarl of helpless rage. But the hyena covered the ground with

great bounds, and they flung their arms about a tall sapling. Their breath burst from them in quick gasps, for they were near spent with running.

But they dug their toes into the rough bark and the strength of The Fish enabled him to speedily mount to the forked branches above. But many moments Laughing Boy clung half-way up the trunk of the tree, with the hyena snapping at his heels. At every leap so near she came, that he curled his feet up under his small body. The teeth of the hyena shone white and her eyes gleamed. A great fear paralyzed him. The Fish danced about on the limbs above, chattering wildly, till Laughing Boy gathered breath and courage to continue his way to safety.

There he sat, huddled among the leaves, close to The Fish and for a long time they gazed, quivering, at the enemy below. But a caution, wholly new, had come to them, and they scrambled into the branches of a neighboring banyan slowly and with care. Thence on through several trees that brought them nearer the homes of the Cave Dwellers. With much shivering they made their way, pausing often to mark the progress of the enemy. She moved as they advanced, persistently, like a hungry dog watching a bone.

Slowly and fearfully the boys continued toward the Hollow, through the interlocked limbs of the great trees. But the hyena followed. From a bunya-bunya the boys pelted her with cones, which she dodged easily. Unmoved, she continued to gaze longingly upon them, while the slather dripped from her lips.

At one time the boys almost threw themselves into the coils of a huge green snake, that wound itself around the trunk of a cocoanut palm. They were not expecting new dangers. A quick leap and they swung downward, clinging closely to the bough of a neighboring bunya, and then scrambled up to safety once more. Thus they made on, but the distance they had run so joyously a short time before, seemed now to stretch before them without end. Sometimes they paused to rest and gather breath. At these points they huddled together and

whimpered very low, or snarled, jabbering at the enemy, as she sat on her haunches, waiting.

But the glad time came when they saw below the familiar berry bushes. Beyond that the arboreal way was not unknown. With a new freedom and ease they flung themselves forward. Their leaps grew daring and their feet more sure, till at last they reached the edge of the wood near the Hollow.

Here they lifted their voices in sharp cries that aroused the Cave People from their torpor. Soon the stalwart members of the tribe had seized their bone weapons and hurried to the rescue.

At first the hyena did not retreat before them, but darted in and out slashing the Cave People with her great fangs. But the fierce stabs of many bone wea-

pons soon sent her fleeing back into the forest. Soon Quack Quack soothed the whimpering of Laughing Boy, holding him close to her breast.

The nut seasons came and the nut seasons passed away and Laughing Boy grew tall and strong. Though his deeds were brave and his arm was long, he hunted with the tribe, for he had learned the wisdom of the Cave Dwellers. He knew that it was not safe for a man or a woman to fight alone. The least of the forest enemies was able to destroy them. Strong men had wandered into the forest to return no more. But when the tribe went forth great deeds were possible, even the sabre-toothed tiger had been destroyed by the thrusts of many. It was the strength of all the Cave People that made safe the lives of every one.

SHRAPNEL

ARE the movies helping to stir up revolt? They are looked at every day by millions of people who wear cheap clothes and live in dirty ramshackle houses. They show these millions of people material riches, luxury, splendor lavished on splendor. Music and pleasure, big clean houses where everybody has plenty to eat and plenty of time to sleep—good looking people that the workers never get close to in everyday life are shown eating and drinking and dancing—people to whom every day of the week has a thousand times more sport and fun and laughter than the Sunday of the working-man's family. Do the millions of the working class feel any stirrings of revolt when they see the films flash to them these views of the master class enjoying the stuff that is wrenched from the hands of the working class?

A BANK went bust in New York and 2,500 men and women, boys and girls who had pennies and dollars in the bank whistled for their money. There were three suicides. The capitalist who engineered it, Henry Seigel, is in prison. He will be out next February, a free man with \$150,000 cash. That's one case. Here's another from Illinois. A bank went bust and 800 working people whistled for their coin. Nothing doing. They came to the

bank doors and they went away with empty mitts. A politician, William Lorimer, and a promoter, Charles Munday, were the head men of the bank. Along with eight other persons they signed notes for \$1,250,000. These notes were honored by the Central Trust Company of which Charles W. Dawes, former comptroller of the United States treasury, is president. Dawes honored the notes, let them have the cash, while a state bank examiner was in town. When the bank examiner was gone, Dawes put the cash back again safe in the vaults of the Central Trust Company. Lorimer, Munday and the note makers had their checks for \$1,250,000. The state bank examiner could now report that he had seen \$1,250,000 cash in the possession of these ten men who wanted to run a bank. Therefore, he could properly and officially say they should have a charter. When the bank went bust there wasn't the cash it was supposed to have to pay out to the wage earners, the suckers and come-ons, who had put their cash into the bank. . . . There are laws against crooked banking, but the banking crooks laugh at the laws. About the only place where there is any respect for the law is in the minds of working men who believe what they hear from bankers, big business men, newspapers, preachers and politicians.

Industrial Unionism and the State

By Robert Holder

IN the August *Plebs*, the article dealing with the State was mainly concerned in pointing out that the State was not an eternal verity, but that it only came into being under certain specific conditions; from which it was deduced that when these conditions disappeared, so also would the social institution known as the State. Having proceeded thus far, we must go on to inquire whether the basic conditions of the State's existence are being combatted or undermined in any way, and also whether any other social institution is arising which is in conflict with the State and capable of replacing it.

We have had plenty of evidence recently that there is a conflict with the State so far as the working class and their social institutions are concerned. The cause of this conflict is not far to seek, for the State (as was pointed out in the last article) is simply the private power of the ruling minority, and the conflict is the root antagonism between Capital and Labor manifesting itself in a higher form.

The political government of society arises when the social group becomes divided into antagonistic interests; the weakest interests have no participation in the direction of the social life, e. g., the women and a large proportion of the adult males today. Each interest is reflected according to its economic power within society. The various antagonistic interests strive to win the support of the social group in order to advance their own particular views; hence the various political parties and sects. But there is always one section—the one most powerful economically—which dominates and directs society.

It is because of the political government of society by a ruling minority that the struggle of the working class necessarily takes on a political form, but it is vital to an understanding of the State that we distinguish between the political form which the struggle of the working class takes, and the economic cause of that struggle. When we keep in mind this distinction it is plainly seen that it is impossible to have a political

democracy by means of votes so long as the economic life is not also democratically controlled. It is impossible to have political government by means of a centralized State power and also at the same time democratic control of the economic life of the nation; the two are irreconcilable. Political government only arises because of the division into owners and non-owners of the means of producing the necessities of life. With abolition of this division the State dies out.

One reason for the illusion that the State represents the people is to be found in the fact that the working class participate in the election of representatives to parliament; but the working class only obtained this right to vote after the first quarter of the nineteenth century because the rising manufacturing class needed their assistance in the political fight against the landowning interests. So long as industrial capital was a progressive force in the social life, it could dominate and win the support of the majority in society, but, as capitalism develops, its antagonism with the interests of the working class becomes plainer; the State begins to throw off its democratic cloak and stands forth in its true light as the despotic representative of capital. The workers now seek to use the rights and privileges which they were given in the interests of capital as means to advance their own interests.

"The Capitalist class perceives correctly that all the weapons which it forged against feudalism turn their edges against itself; that all the means of education which it brought forth rebel against its own civilization. . . . It understands that all its so-called citizen's rights and progressive organs assail and menace its class rule, both in its social foundation and political superstructure. (Marx, p. 72, 18th *Brumaire*)."

Today the antagonistic interests within society are being rapidly reduced to two—Capital and Labor. The so-called middle class interests are being crushed out between these two. Although the individual capitalists are antagonistic to each other in their mutual competition on the market,

yet they all have a common interest in opposing the working class, and the State with its functionaries is their executive committee. The State does not represent the interests of any individual capitalist as such, but the interests of the ruling class as a whole; and though it may sometimes take action against individual members of the ruling class, this is by no means sufficient justification for the illusion that it is an impartial body representing the whole people.

We can keep ourselves quite clear regarding the State if we remember that the State as such is not the basis of the ruling minority's power, but that their power lies in the private ownership of the means of life whereby Society lives. The State is merely the *form* through which this power is expressed; hence the workers in order to free themselves from the domination of the ruling class must not only capture the *form* of their power—the State, but also the *substance* of their power—the control of the material means of life.

It is at this vital point of the control of the means of life that Industrial Unionism plays such an important part in relation to the State. This new social form of organization which the workers are gradually building up will enable them to control the means of life, a thing which craft unionism could never attain. Industrial Unionism does not deny the value and necessity of political action, but it does say that it is impossible to free the workers by means of political legislation. Universal suffrage would not achieve economic freedom in itself. The political activity of the working class must be subordinate to, and supported by, an industrial organization capable of controlling the economic activities of society. The workers must not carry on political activity with a view of capturing the State power and perpetuating political government. "The working class cannot simply lay hold of the ready-made State machinery and wield it for its own purposes."—(Marx, *The Civil War in France*).

Political government implies the government of man by man. In order to free themselves the working class must abolish this form of government by replacing the State machinery of capitalism with the industrial machinery of their own making. This industrial machinery is seen in the germ in the growth of the industrial form of organization, a form which is capable of

administering the means of life. When the workers gain democratic control of their own organizations (and this is their first task) the self government of Labor by Labor follows as a logical result.

The two big forces working in Society today are the Centralization of Capital expressing its power through the State, and the Centralization of Labor expressing its power through the Industrial Unions. The working class movement if anything is lagging behind the economic development; the alp of craft unionism belonging to the 19th century is still weighing heavy upon it. But the agitation for the organization of science as a result of the war and the application of this organized science to industry will still further smash the crafts, and if the working class are not sufficiently conscious at present to adapt themselves to the new conditions, the logic of events and the bitter experience following thereon will teach them. Craft unions are organized on the basis of a detailed part of the product produced, which product belongs to the capitalist, and craft unionism does not dispute his right of ownership, but makes pious appeals to his sense of justice for "a fair day's wage for a fair day's work." On this basis the workers can never hope to attain their freedom because the cause of their slavery, viz., the capitalist system, is left untouched.

England's National Registration Act is an attempt by the State consciously to organize society, in the interests of capital, for the immediate purpose of producing the means of destroying life; but if society can be organized to destroy life it can also be organized to preserve life, and this latter task is the mission of the modern working-class movement. The present war has shown that the workers are the most indispensable class in society today. Appeals are made to them to cease their struggles in order to save the state. Labor must see to it that, having saved the state, it claims the right to mould it in accordance with what it knows to be best for social progress as a whole.

It is by means of their Industrial Unions that the workers will "cross the line from Political Government to Industrial Administration"; it is they who, through conscious co-operation with the laws of social evolution, will thereby initiate a new phase in human development—*From The Plebs*.



WOOD CARVING IN THE TEMPLE AT NICCO. THE ARTIST PORTRAYS THE MONKS AS REFUSING TO HEAR, SMELL OR SEE THE MISERIES OF THIS WORLD.

FAR EASTERN IMPERIALISM

III—JAPAN

By S. J. RUTGERS

JAPAN was the first to make an aggressive war upon China; it was Japan who first broke the peace among the rivaling robbers in the Far East, by declaring war upon Russia; Japan joined the European war without being formally obliged to do so by treaty and even without giving the traditional lies about national honor, etc. So we find the youngest among capitalist states foremost as to imperialism and aggression.

This seems to be rather wonderful at first view. Imperialism being the result of highly developed capitalism, why should Japan be in the front line? Japan, with about fifty millions of inhabitants and a density of population in Japan proper surpassing that of France and Germany, has an industrial development that is relatively small, whatever astonishing may have been accomplished in the last fifty years. There certainly are some big industries, but there are comparatively few industries of a middle class size and a great number of very small home industries and handcrafts. And especially the articles for common use are greatly produced in the old primitive style.

So there are vast possibilities for capitalists to develop the inland market in adopting a more western way of living,

which is already much appreciated among the upper classes. And instead of doing this, we find the most unbounded imperialism and militarism, so as to bring the state on the verge of bankruptcy. Is there not a conflict with the conception, that export of capital chiefly results from the fact that the accumulated capital cannot be invested in home industry without a fall in the profits? By no means, and Japan in its modern expansion is in perfect harmony with the rest of imperialistic capitalism, if we only understand that economic features, although conforming in general outlining, will be different as to details, in each different historical situation.

Japan has developed a big capitalist industry only in certain branches, of which are the most important weaving and spinning, shipbuilding yards, breweries, match factories and mining industries, such as copper and coal, and for these industries the home market is already insufficient; they greatly depend upon export. Developing the home market, however, would mean better houses, better furniture and clothes, etc. It would mean higher wages and less big profits to a small class of financial capitalists in control of the government.

In Japan we find already over 400 millionaires, and among the 22 millionaires credited with over 10 millions each there are not less than 16, or 75 per cent, who "earned" their fortunes within the last 40 years. Those big capitalists take no fancy in gradually developing the home market, together with new needs and higher wages, and the existing export industries cannot swallow all the accumulated profits. So there is a cry for expansion, not only to increase the export of products, but also to invest capital in foreign countries. Some of the big industries being state-owned, or at least strongly influenced by government, this highly increases the danger for imperialistic wars.

So we find in Japan, like everywhere else, that financial capital, the highest form of capitalistic development, is the principal promoter of an aggressive politic. And also conform to other parts of the world, this imperialism is strongly supported by important groups among the middle class parties. In Japan there has already been growing a big army of intellectuals, this being essential for the development of a modern industry. A great many of those intellectuals have been made functionaries, but there is already a surplus, as shown by comparing the number of students with that of jobs. The intellectuals themselves acknowledge the danger, as I learned from different Japanese engineers, when in Japan, and many of them look to imperialism as to the only way to get out of the misery, on account of the increase of employment, especially for intellectuals and middle class people.

Of course, some among the learned proletariat will find another way out of the trouble in joining labor, and this may help to start a new socialist reformistic party. And although Europe has recently learned us that there is much danger in socialism under the predominant influence of "leaders," it may prove a necessary stage of development in Japan like elsewhere. The greater part, however, of modern intellect in Japan, as well as all over the world, will give its support to imperialism, at the same time denouncing it again and again, such dualism being the fate of all middle classes.

The forces pushing towards imperialism being essential, the same in Japan as elsewhere, there, however, is less resistance in Japan, resulting from the fact that there is no such a thing as organized labor, conditions being somewhat alike to those in England at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Although it is rather difficult to get exact facts about labor conditions, we may gather some idea about the state of things, if we listen to a few remarks made by a doctor in a capitalist paper, "The Japanese Chronicle," of March, 1914. Those remarks deal with female workers, but we must remember that it is a special feature of Japanese industry that 70 per cent of labor is done by women, which makes the following picture all the more important:

"Female workers in Japanese factories number 500,000, of whom 300,000 are under 20 years of age. Out of this army of women operatives 400,000 are engaged in the spinning, weaving and dyeing industries. Seventy per cent of these women live in the factory quarters, which means a sort of confinement. Work in the raw silk factories lasts 13 to 14 hours a day on an average, and that in the weaving mills, 14 to 16 hours. The remaining hours are devoted to sleeping, bathing, toilet, etc. It is not surprising that the health of these young women is seriously injured by such conditions. With regards to the spinning mills, female workers are put to night work every seven or eight days. Night work affects the workers' health so severely that at the end of a week they lose considerable weight. This loss may be partly recovered during the succeeding week on the day shift, but the night work, though intermittent, ultimately wrecks the health of the workers. None can stand the strain for more than a year, when death, sickness or desertion is the inevitable outcome. The consequence is that eighty per cent of the female workers leave the factories every year through various causes, but this loss is immediately replenished by new hands.

"The food provided by the factory boarding houses may be tolerable to the class from which the women are recruited, but as to the other accommodations, they are simply sickening. The

women on the night and day shifts are obliged to share one bed, which is neither aired nor dusted, and never exposed to the sun, since as soon as one leaves it, another takes her place. Consequently consumption spreads among the operatives like an epidemic.

"The women who are recruited as factory workers reaches 200,000 every year, but of these 120,000 do not return to the parental roof. Either they become birds of passage and move from one factory to another, or go as maids in dubious tea-houses or as illicit prostitutes. Among the 80,000 women who return to their homes, something like 13,000 are found to be sick, about 25 per cent of them having contracted consumption. The death rate from consumption of female factory operatives is, as reported to the police, 8 per 1,000; but the death rate from the same disease after their return home is 30 per 1,000."

We need hardly say that under such conditions the difficulties to organize labor are overwhelming. There has been some beginning, of which a trade-union of 2,000 iron workers and mechanics in Tokio, organized by the well-known socialist Sen Katayama, was the first serious effort in 1897. It soon disappeared, however, as well as an organization of mechanics, started in 1898 as the result of a partially successful strike, and an organization of typesetters in Tokio, of which there only remains a faint shadow nowadays. We can get some idea about the difficulties to labor, if we learn that in 1914, there being made an application to the Home Office to form a labor party (by no means a socialist party, the latter being suppressed the very day of its constitution in 1901), this demand was rejected on account "that the promoters

were men devoid of means, education and credit, and hence disqualified to form such organizations."

There may be found, however, a promise for future activity of the workers in a number of smaller strikes, of which the tying up of the tramway traffic in Tokio on New Year's day was the most prominent, and certainly there can be no doubt as to the final result. Nevertheless, it will be clear, that at the present moment Japanese labor cannot resist imperialism in any efficient way. Hence the more open and more direct way in which Japanese aggression is practiced.

European labor, it is true, did not prevent war, but at least there had been some resistance before the war started, there still is some resistance during the war, and there will be a growing resistance after the war will be over. The situation after the war most probably will not be favorable to the somewhat monopolistic position of craft labor unions with their tendency towards bureaucracy, and even towards imperialism. Financial capital, the only really successful conqueror in this bloody war, whatever may be its issue, will force the overwhelming part of labor on one low and miserable level. If this does not mean the end of all, it will have to mean a more revolutionary fighting on a solid international base.

American labor has already some slight experience about the methods practiced by financial capital, and should at least take advantage of the experience. For the strengthening of the position of financial capital will be all over the world, in America as well as in Europe, in Japan as well as in the old capitalist world. And labor will have to intensify its struggle accordingly.



MALE IN COURTING ATTITUDE BEFORE A FEMALE.
 Drawn by Hattie Wakeman from a photograph taken at West Falmouth, Mass.

The Love Affairs of the Fiddler Crabs

By AUGUST SCHNITZLER

(With appreciation to A. S. Pease, Ph. D., University of Wisconsin, for his valuable paper on this subject.)

FIDDLER crabs are of more than usual interest on account of their striking sexual dimorphism. The male crab bears an enormous claw on one side of the body, which is in striking contrast to its feeble mate on the other. The female has only two small claws. These enlarged and one-sided claws of the male have been believed to furnish evidence of sexual selection since the days of Charles Darwin.

This great claw and the bright coloration differ in a marked degree from the dull coloring and the small claws of the female. Alcock believes "no one can doubt that the claw of a male has become conspicuous and beautiful in order to attract the female" and that it "is used as a signal to charm and allure the females. Though there are, perhaps, minor objections to such a statement of the case, it is certain that male fiddlers do wave their claws, dance, and pose in the presence of females. It must also be admitted that the great claw is always conspicuously colored.

Mating

During the mating season a fiddler crab colony is an interesting place. If a female walks across the mud every male stands at the mouth of his hole and waves his big claw frantically up and down, often accentuating such movements by squatting and stretching with his walking legs. If the female approaches he makes

every effort to induce her to enter his burrow, frequently dancing or posturing before her.

A courtship will be described, which was observed at North Falmouth, Mass., July 11, 1912. (1913 annual report of the Smithsonian Institution, A. S. Pease.) The male waved and at 12:17 p. m. the object of his attention approached and went part way into his burrow.

He rushed up and tried to push her in, but she resisted. He then retired three inches and stood motionless for three minutes with his claw outstretched in front, then sneaked up and again tried to push his prospective mate into the burrow. She again resisted; he retired and both were quiet for two minutes.

The male then approached cautiously and stood motionless with upraised chela, or great claw, close to the female for three and a half minutes; then he again attempted to push her down, but without success. She refused to be fascinated. Perhaps the great claw of some other wooer had captivated her truant fancy and she was making unfavorable comparisons.

The male then raised his claw and standing high on his legs assumed a statuesque pose, which he held for ten minutes. The female pondered a little, looked him over and seemed to weigh his charms. Then she moved away a couple of inches and again part way down his hole. It

would appear that she was only trifling, and coquetting with her victim, for when the male again approached, she dodged, but returned and entered his hole.

The male stood over her for over a minute, when she dodged away. But back she came to repeat the whole affair. For several minutes she stood on one side of his burrow while he surveyed her longingly from the other. At length the male went into his hole, evidently hoping to woo her into following him. His lady-love, however, seemed to consider the situation and made up her mind to mate elsewhere, for she finally departed for a more favored suitor.

Here, as is usually the case in the life of humans, the male was soon consoled for the loss of his spouse. It was off with the old love and on with the new. Inside of an hour he appeared at the mouth of the hole to wave and prance and pose before another female. He made no attempt to use his great chela, or claw, in holding the female. After his first rush he had every appearance of proceeding with great caution—as if he feared a too arduous wooing might cause his prospective mate to take alarm. After every repulse, and he received many of these, he retired a little way and displayed his charms for a time before making another advance. Apparently he was attempting, as Chidester says, to “demonstrate his maleness.”

In the Philippines, crabs were often seen standing with outstretched claw for as much as twenty minutes. This was a very plain advertisement that they were looking for a mate.

A fiddler crab lives on a beach crowded among vast numbers of his fellows, but he shows no social instincts. Each fiddler searches the mud around his hole for food and his “hand is against every man.” Their diet is largely vegetable, but they also eat dead fish.

The fiddler is ever ready to dart into his hole or burrow. If one of his fellows encroaches upon his domain, he rushes forth and engages in fierce combat. Combats between the males are most frequent. If two males that differ markedly in size fight, the larger combatant usually takes little interest in the fight and soon

makes off even though he may be hotly pursued by his smaller antagonist.

Sometimes when the males fight the large chela are locked together like two men shaking hands and each contestant attempts to break off his opponent's claw by a sudden wrench. The strain is so great that when one of the fighters loosens his hold rather than his claw, he is often thrown backward into the air, sometimes as far as a meter. The chela is sometimes used as a shield to ward off an enemy.

Sometimes one male catches another napping and enters his burrow. In such cases the owner waits nervously about until the intruder comes out and then chases him away or he boldly goes down after the intruder with his large chela extended before him and usually emerges soon after, followed by the intruder. If a male gets the worst of an encounter, he frequently retreats into his burrow and guards it by extending his claw from the opening.

Fiddler crabs are diurnal, they retire to the bottoms of their burrows when the sun goes down to there remain till morning. When the ocean threatens to cover the mouth of the burrow, however, a plug of mud is carried to the hole and drawn down after the owner in such a way as to shut him inside. During a period of high tides burrows in low position often remain closed for several days; during low tides those on higher ground may be left open day after day, though the flats dry out to such an extent that crabs cannot feed easily and remain at the bottom of their burrows.

Some of the activities of fiddlers are like those displayed by higher animals while at play. Crabs frequently dart



A FIDDLER CRAB CLOSING ITS BURROW BY PULLING DOWN A DISK OF MUD.

Drawn by Tom Jones.

about without a serious purpose and are sometimes downright mischievous. On one occasion a male was half-heartedly pursuing a female. She went to her burrow, secured a plug nearby and shut herself in. The male then came directly to the burrow, seized the plug and cast it to one side.

When he saw the female emerging from her burrow he scattered away behind a rock and apparently surveyed her wrathful cavortings with vast enjoyment.

At one time (Smithsonian Institute report) two male crabs were seen running about for some time, during which they behaved like two mischievous sailors ashore on short time leave. They kept close together. The tide was coming in rapidly and in their ramblings the pair came to a place where a large, slow-moving crab was carrying a plug to close his burrow. They waited until the plug had been carefully pulled down. Then one of them went to the hole and removed it; as the enraged owner emerged they scuttled away. To all appearances activities like these described were carried out in a spirit of "sport" or play.

Although the females of many species carry their eggs and newly hatched young for a time, the association of the young with their mother is nominal, for she never cares for nor feeds them. The struggle for existence is nowhere more apparent than in the midst of a fiddler crab colony. Each individual jealously guards the area about his own burrow and immediately attacks any invader. The burrow is the center of all the crab's activities and his association for the place where it is situated is very strong.

Fiddlers are protected from night prowlers by their daylight habits and they escape the fishes and snakes that hunt at the edge of the advancing tide by closing the openings to their burrows when the water threatens to inundate them.

Occasionally the instinct to retreat to the burrow in the face of danger sometimes actually brings harm to the crabs, as, for example, when they remain in the presence of danger rather than flee away from the direction of their burrows. Often they are caught by enemies through this old and insistent instinct to seek their holes.

WAGES!

By W. E. Reynolds

WHAT determines the wages you receive? What do we mean by wages? Wages have been described as the sugar-coating that makes a job endurable.

Four-fifths of the men, women and children of this country are depending upon daily wages for their existence. Four-fifths of all the people, with the exception of the farmers, are wage-workers or depending upon the wage workers. With so many people depending upon wages for their very lives you would naturally expect to find the public schools teaching what wages are and what determines whether they are "high" or "low"; wouldn't you?

The more you know of a problem and the principle involved, the easier you can solve it. We all have the problem of life

to solve. With so many of us depending upon wages for life, the things or conditions that determine wages are of vital importance to us.

It should be the business of a public school to equip the child to better meet and solve the problems of life. If this is not the function of the public school, it is omitting the most important thing in the world.

Somebody defined wages as "that portion of the products of labor which the employer allows the worker to keep." But this is not true. Any wage worker knows that he is not allowed to keep even the smallest bit of what he produces. Should he be caught keeping back even the tiniest portion of the things he makes his boss would have him arrested for stealing *company's* property.

Imagine a diamond digger keeping a part of the diamonds! Or a shoemaker keeping a part of the shoes! Right here is the first Colored Gentleman in the capitalist woodpile; the first joker in the stacked deck of the wage system. Wage workers, whether they know it or not, have to AGREE to give up title to all the product of their labor, before they can get permission to go to work. They have to agree to take something different from the things they produce.

The employers know that if you got a part of what you produce, you would be apt to size up the SMALLNESS of the part you received and the BIGNESS of the pile left the company and you MIGHT start something!

The modern wage system, as a flim-flam game, has the old three shells and a pea bunco game backed clear off the boards. With the shell game you had an occasional chance to win! Never yet has any man been known to beat by the wages game and become a millionaire!

Suppose that you got a ration. So many pounds of flour, salt hog, beans and a clothing allowance in exchange for what you did in the factory! NO SIR! That would never do. Why you would feel like a slave working all the time for your board and clothes.

Foxy Bosses! They do not give you rations. They translate it into money terms and pay you off in money. By the time you get the money changed into the food and clothes and necessities you have to have, the operation has become so complicated that you don't know just where you are at. You know that the best you can do is to keep even. You feel that there is something wrong; that you are cheated somewhere.

What determines the amount of money you get for your labor?

You compete with your fellow workers for the job. They offer to do the work for three dollars a day. You offer to do it for two seventy-five. They make it two and a half and so it goes, down, down, down, until finally it gets to a place where you decide—"I can't live on that." There! There is the rock that competition breaks upon. It is the standard of living the

worker will accept. Here is the proof of that.

Go to any country you choose. Find out what it costs the workers to maintain their standard of living and that will be the wages they are receiving. In China it costs about 20 cents a day to live and wages are about 20 cents. In Alaska it costs about six dollars a day to live and wages are around six dollars. Here, in the states, it cost about two dollars a day to live and wages average two dollars.

What you *do* has nothing to do with the wages you get. Your wages are determined not by what you *do*, but by *what it costs to keep you able to do*. As a class, no matter what your cost of living, remember this—the employer always has to give the employee *enough to live on and get back on the job*.

Here is a little problem that shows up wages in their true light. If it costs you two dollars to buy the necessities, etc., how long will you have to work in order to save enough to buy a home?

One more little problem to apply the principle. You have been told from childhood, to save your money and become independent. Now the standard of living which you, as a class, are willing to accept, determines your wages. You have been getting two dollars a day (because it cost you two dollars a day to maintain your standard of living). Now you decide that you will each save fifty cents a day. How will you do it? By going without butter, tobacco, new clothes or some such thing? But when you do that you cut down your standard of living. And if the standard of living is the thing which determines your wages, then you have cut your wages and have nothing to save and are worse off than when you started!

Know what determines wages and avoid being misled into a lot of foolish by-paths which do not better your condition!

We are sick of the wages system. What we really want is a system in which the working *class* receive the *value* of the things it makes—for the working class.

"PROGRESSIVE TEMPLE"

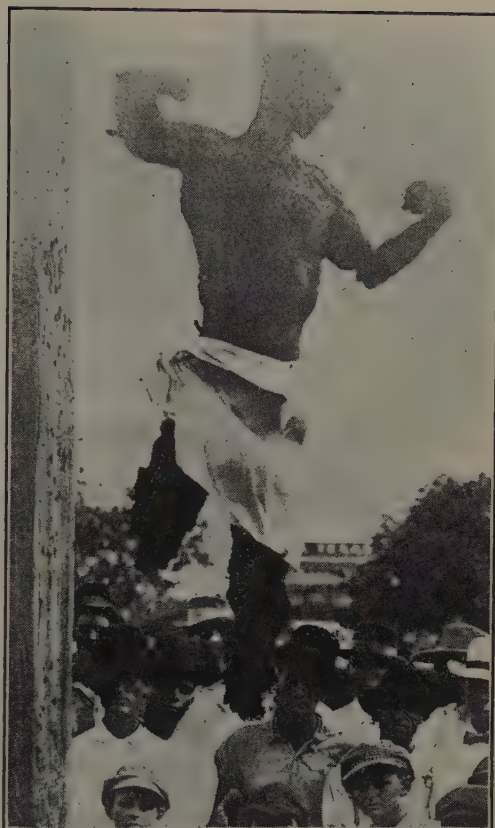
By Covington Hall

THE above is a photograph of the negro who was lynched and burned at Temple, Texas, two or three months ago. The victim had been accused of being the principal in an atrocious murder, but it is freely charged that the real instigator of the murder was the first one in the mob to apply a match to the wood piled round the doomed man, it having been rumored that the victim had agreed to "turn state's evidence."

He was hung to the telegraph pole by a chain, which is visible in the picture, and, on the wires supported by this pole, is a sign bearing the legend, "PROGRESSIVE TEMPLE."

Needless to say that Temple always rolls up a big "Democratic" majority, that it is a "solid Christian community," is "dry" as a bone and is firmly convinced that the I. W. W. is a most "lawless organization."

We have had "some" lynchings in the South during the past year. Over in Mississippi a mob lynched a negro because they "thought he was stealing mules." The sheriff came and cut down the body, but, finding the county had no money in its treasury to bury it, hung it to the tree again in order to force the negroes to bury it. Again, over in Mississippi, a young negro farmer, working out in his barn, heard his 17-year-old sister screaming for help. He rushed into the house, found two drunken white men assaulting her, attacked them, and, in the ensuing struggle, killed one of them and badly wounded the other. Then, recognizing that he was in a highly Christian-



White-Supremacy community, a community that would not stand for a "nigger" killing a "white man," he fled. The mob gathered and, failing to find him, **TOOK THE OUTRAGED GIRL OUT AND LYNCHED HER!**

Down on the border recently those noble "preservers of lawanorder," the infamous Texas Rangers, posed before a camera, showing themselves dragging down the public road, behind their horses, the bodies of two Mexicans—the bodies being at the end of ropes, the ropes around the necks of the dead. The capitalist-Democratic press explained that "the Rangers did not actually thus drag the dead, but just **POSED** as so doing to please a moving picture man." But these photographs were then taken, put on postal cards and circulated all over northern Mexico. Of course we Socialists are "liars" when we assert that this was done to anger Mexicans to raid Texas in attempts to avenge the hideous insult, for

is not the government of Texas composed of the finest specimens of "Supreme Whites" on earth, "Christian gentlemen" who can do no wrong? Also, it is "infamous" to say that back of the promotion of these "bandit raids" stands the oil, mining, railroad and lumber kings of the "great United States of North America," for they are not in the least interested in intervention in Mexico.

Still, back of ALL these lynchings,

with few exceptions, stands the mighty law of ECONOMIC DETERMINISM. For the lynchings fan race hatred into flame, and race hatred divides the WORKERS against each other and, divided, they fall easy prey to the "Christian gentlemen to whom God in his infinite wisdom has confided the business interests of this nation."

Death to Capitalism! Long live Industrial Democracy!

Can You Answer These Questions Correctly?

For \$1.00 we will send 10 copies of Shop Talks on Economics and a yearly subscription to THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW or a cloth bound copy of The Communist Manifesto and Value Price and Profit and a yearly REVIEW subscription to any Socialist party local, or any comrade who will answer the following ten questions correctly. Take this up at your local and see your name head the list in our REVIEW Examination in Economics.

Are the interests between the employing class and the working class identical?

What happens when there are ten men competing to sell their labor power?

Who gets the job?

What happens when there are several jobs and only one worker?

Will he receive higher or lower wages?

Will he get a good price for his labor power?

When men are scarce and manufacturers are forced to pay a high price for labor power (high wages) in a certain locality, does the scarcity last long?

If not, why not?

When men are hunting jobs toward which cities do they go?

Does supply and demand have anything to do with the price at which you are able to sell your labor power?

Send \$1.00 with your book selection and your replies to the above questions to the REVIEW Examination in Economics, care of Chas. H. Kerr & Co., 341 East Ohio street, Chicago. Names of those comrades or locals sending in correct replies will be published in the REVIEW next month.

SAVAGE SURVIVALS

By PROF. J. HOWARD MOORE

V. SAVAGE SURVIVALS IN HIGHER PEOPLES

6. *The Fighting Instinct.*

The fighting instinct is the instinct to contend and to overcome by force. It causes anyone to act very differently than does the fear instinct. Fear urges one to retreat; the fighting instinct urges one to attack and injure and kill.

The fighting instinct is also an old instinct. It was not invented by man. It was presented to him by his pre-human ancestors, who fought and bled and died for millions of years before there were any human beings in the world. According to Romans, the fighting instinct first shows itself in ants and spiders. It is, hence, not so old as the fear instinct, for the ants and spiders are somewhat higher than the worms and came into the world somewhat later.

As a general rule, it may be said that the fighting instinct is stronger in the higher and more powerful animals and the fear instinct in the lower and weaker species. Many species, like the deer, rabbit, mouse and sheep, have adopted a different policy in the struggle for life from other species, such as the lion, wolf, and rhinoceros. The rabbit and the mouse *run* for their lives, as a general thing, because they are better at running than at fighting. They have neither great strength nor very good fighting implements. The lion and rhinoceros, on the other hand, follow generally the fighting policy, because they are equipped for it. Some species, therefore, are prevailingly *fleeing* species, and are dominated by the fear instinct, while other species are *fighting* species, and are ruled commonly



EVERY ANTELOPE IN SOUTH AFRICA HAS TO RUN FOR ITS LIFE EVERY DAY OR TWO.

by the fighting urge. But even the fleeing species contend more or less among themselves for the possession of food and other necessities of life. And in many passive species the males wage fierce war for the favors of their mates.

The animal kingdom has been reared in a gory cradle. This is especially true of man, who has fought his way to a supremacy in the world more bloodily and completely than any other species. The natural condition of early man was

that of war—war with other men and with other animals. Peace was the exception. Every being outside of the tribe of the savage was an enemy and a legitimate object of plunder. There were alliances and counter alliances. Men sought ever to be on the winning side. Hence the feebleness of human ties today among the higher peoples of the earth, and the insecurity of peace among the peoples of the world. The ally of today becomes the enemy of tomorrow, and the friend of the past becomes the foe of the present. This great ease we have of reversing our natures is an inheritance.

The fighting instinct survives in all the higher peoples of the earth. It shows itself in the frequent brawls and fist-cuffs of boys, and in the wars of men. Peace becomes tiresome if it is too prolonged, and we have to "pitch into" somebody to get relief.

See how a crowd swarms about a street brawl. Let two boys start fighting and see how the other boys gather around in anticipation of pounding somebody in a figurative way, by seeing somebody pound somebody else. Look at the enormous sale of knives, revolvers, and other instruments of death! Does this show our civilization or our savagery? Even if a person has no idea of killing anybody or anything, it rather tickles his savage nature to realize that he is equipped to do it. See the ignoble crew that escorts every pugilist—parasites who feel that some of the glory of his brutality may in some way get rubbed off on them, and whose darling hope is to arrange a set-to so that they may share the pleasure without enduring the pains. The first blows at a prize-fight are apt to make a refined and sensitive spectator sick. But if he sticks through the first round, his blood is likely to rise in favor of one party or the other, and then he can't see the other fellow pounded and mangled enough to suit him (James).

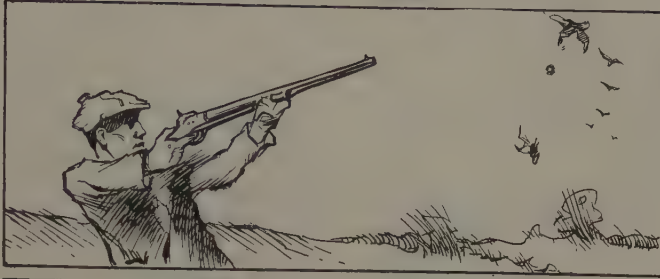
I can remember how strong the fighting instinct was among the men and boys in that part of Missouri in which I lived as a boy. A man or boy with a strong instinct to fight and with a strong body to back it up was generally regarded as the one that the other men or boys would rather be than anybody else. If a bruiser

could step off to one side at a gathering and announce in a loud, boastful voice that he could "lick" any one present and nobody dared to say a word or raise a finger against him, *that* was the person every boy down deep in his heart wanted to be like when he grew up.

This same primitive atmosphere may be found today in certain circles in even the greatest centers of enlightenment of the race—in circles such as are found at drinking and gambling places. Drink tends to cause an individual to return sharply to the savage type by dethroning the reason and thus placing one more completely at the mercy of the lower instincts. The practice men have, and boys even more than men, of using their fists in fighting is a survival of the old style of fighting which prevailed among men before the invention of weapons. In fighting, the wolf uses its teeth, the buffalo its horns, the horse its feet, and the lion its paw. Man is like the lion, he strikes with his paw.

The war instinct lies pretty close to the surface in the natures of even the highest peoples, for it is a very easy matter to stir it to action even in times of profound peace. Let the newspapers print a few big black headlines and let somebody begin to blow the bugle and beat the drum, and we are ready to leap at the throat of another people and find real satisfaction and much "glory" in the act. The sword is the symbol of savagery, but it is still an attractive object to the most nearly civilized people so far produced on the earth. If people didn't like to fight pretty well, they would not go to war, and spend millions in money and spill barrels and barrels of blood *over a trifle*.

During the recent war between Spain and the United States, some of the United States troops who had been sent to Cuba had had no real experience in fighting until peace was declared. I remember reading in the newspapers at the time a statement that impressed me very much. It said that when these troops were told that a treaty had been signed "the boys were very much disappointed." Why? Cuba was made free by the terms of the treaty, and the apparent purpose of the war had been achieved. Why then were



SOME OF THE THINGS IN OUR NATURE THAT
WE WOULD BE BETTER WITHOUT.

they not satisfied? *Because they had something else to satisfy besides the desire to free Cuba.* It was the "war instinct." If these men had had a few battles, and in this way exercised their savage instinct to kill, and *then* peace had come, they would no doubt have come home satisfied.

The fighting instinct is weak in women and girls for the same reason that the hunting instinct is weak in the female nature—because it was the men (not the women), who did the fighting and hunt-

ing during those vanished ages in which the foundations of human nature were laid. The males in many of the species of higher animals do most of the fighting. This is true in buffaloes, wild horses, deer, apes and monkeys, and many other animals. A herd of buffaloes when attacked will get the females and young in the center, around which the males will form a ring with their heads outward to receive the attack. Men used to do the same thing in early times when attacked by Indians on the plains. They formed

a ring with the women and children in the center. The greater size and strength of the males in many species is due largely to the fact that the males have been the warriors of the species.

The usual state of early man was a state of war. Peace was the exception.

The final condition of mankind will be one of unbroken peace. War will ultimately be unthought of—except as men read of it in history. As time passes, the fighting instinct will grow weaker and more disreputable and the humane and sympathetic instincts will grow correspondingly stronger, and men will come at last to settle their differences in courts of reason and justice.

We live today in an intermediate stage of development. Peace is the prevailing

state, but the fighting instinct still survives, and continues to break out in frequent duels between individuals and nations. It will be with nations as it has been with individuals. Individual men used to always fight out their differences. There were no courts of justice among the earliest men. It is now unlawful for men to settle their differences by fighting. And only those who are behind the times use the fighting method. All higher men prefer reason and arbitration in courts of justice. In the course of time the same thing will be true of nations. International differences will be settled, not by battleships and armed men, but by courts of justice and arbitration established by the nations.

BIRTH CONTROL

A Dangerous Precedent

By GEORGIA KOTSCH

A FEW weeks ago the glad word was heralded abroad that Mrs. Harriman and some club ladies had found social salvation regardless of the Lord in a plan to sterilize a goodly portion of the population. On the heels of this comes the news that William Sanger has been given thirty days in jail for giving out one of his wife's leaflets on birth control.

At first glance the unsophisticated will wonder at the seeming contradiction in the tactics of the Managers of Society. Will they prevent people from breeding and jail a man for teaching them to prevent it themselves?

Even so. Deep and mysterious is the wisdom of the Managers of Society.

When man became the ruler of the earth and the sea and all that in them is, it became a sin against the Lord for a woman to do anything which would limit her fertility. She was taught by the men in that crude day, that she would be punished in a future life if she did, and knowing as little about a future life as man himself did and being subject to him, she pretended to believe the story

until it became a habit of mind with her to choose her punishment in this life. And she got it.

If she was married she was used up with child-bearing and rearing, never having any life of her own. Self-sacrifice as its own reward was generously allotted to the female portion of the race. If she was unmarried and had children, the red-hot pincers of public scorn tore her for obeying the man-made dictum of the Lord.

When some men and women became rulers of other men and women, the old belief and practice of the subject woman were just simply made to order for the new regime. Many children among the profit-makers were very profitable to the profit-takers. Of course, the women who were elevated to seats among the mighty quickly acquired wisdom as to this joy-of-self-sacrifice craftiness and conducted themselves accordingly.

No earthly regime, alas, is perfect. Nature—or the Lord, just as you like—has a way of promoting fecundity whether or not there is nourishment to support it. Credulity is a strong characteristic of

subject people, and both men and women of the poor, working population have gone on believing that any interference with their fertility would be flying in the face of the Lord, and so it has come about that the Lord has sort of overdone the child-production business. Or, at least he has not been discriminating. The rabbit hutches of the poor have turned out some waste material, and this is the day of efficiency.

However, this can be said for the Lord. He has never been known to get into an argument with the Managers of Society over looking out for their own interest. This bold project for curbing the birthrate of certain classes is to be done, of course, in the name of social regeneration. Your club woman is your true optimist. She seizes confidently upon every social patent medicine manufactured by her own class, from a tax upon bachelors to dog meat (for other people), as an antidote for the high cost of living. When society down at the bottom is just as sick as ever after having the nostrums poured down its reluctant throat, she just as buoyantly spoons out the next social peruna.

The social stomach having become about immune to bitters, now she is taking to surgery. One can see the possibilities this new departure opens up are provocative of the greatest enthusiasm. A scientific weeding out of the unprofitable just like you weed out the corn-consuming roosters and the non-productive hens in your flock, leaving a residuum of super-profit makers. Beside the poor sims who are useless in any factory except a bat factory, there are numbers of normal persons, physically and mentally, who are victims of perversity, to use no stronger terms, and who are consequently defectives from a profit making point of view. It is fascinating to speculate upon a future, in which the hop raisers have ceased from trouble and country constables are at rest and the I. W. W. is transformed into an army of tame and

faithful eunuchs, whose greatest ambition is to work longer and harder than a scissorbill.

Birth control by the Society Manager Plan and birth control by educating the people to exercise judgment in bringing children into the world are as far apart as are you and the dollar you spent last week, for there is just one thing that the Managers of Society cannot tolerate at all, and that is for the poor and the workers to develop gumption enough and have money enough to manage their own affairs. How in the world would the M. of S. amuse themselves if this should happen?

But is it not possible for efficiency to overshoot its aim? Shall we not heed the warning of the story of the goose that laid the golden egg? The will of the Lord in regard to much breeding, has been carefully instilled into the people with very excellent results. Shall we jeopardize these by tampering with the foundations of faith and obedience because of the flaw of a few defectives? It is well to go carefully in these days of pernicious agitators, who watch you every step, and take an unholy joy in exhibiting the banana skin upon which you slipped. William Sanger is only thirty days behind the bars. Little Margaret is wholly elusive of the arm of the law. St. Anthony is gone to the long monotony of a viceless heaven, his last days rendered ineffective because of Sangeritis. Mr. Roosevelt is evidently stricken dumb by these assaults upon race production. All that we really have left as a bulwark for ignorant breeding is dear old Morality.

By the way, isn't it highly suspicious that the members of the upper classes, who understand and practice birth control are sure that the spread of the knowledge means a spread of immorality? What a spectacle personal introspection must reveal to those people who believe that everyone will do wrong if they can do it safely.

TALKERS AND DOERS

By JIM HIGGINS

WE know a man who calls himself a "scientific socialist," who ought to be painted yellow and led through the streets. He has less courage in fighting for the working class than a saffron cat. His forehead is high, and he can quote Marx's Capital by the page; and you couldn't confuse him on "who pays the taxes?" or "where the worker is robbed" or any little thing like that. He knows. He's the best little thinker and talker we have met in a long time. But a village graveyard on a summer Sunday evening is "fast" compared to him when it is a question of *action*.

This Talker says, "when the time comes" we will "vote socialism in." In the meantime he keeps all the class consciousness he may know about in cold storage. He don't seem to realize that the way to get industrial democracy is to work for it, fight for it and stick to the working class in order to get it. He believes in miracles. He imagines that all we will have to do is to write a star on a piece of paper and drop it in a box and the trick will be turned. And so he betrays the workers in his everyday life. He *does nothing*.

When the garment workers went out on strike and one company put in scabs to do the work and cut the pay, this Talker went right on buying clothes from the scab company. When he saw the boys coming in late at the shop two or three times, he trotted off to the superintendent and informed on them. One day when one of the men carried home a two by four from the yards to support a small chicken coop in his rented 12x16 back yard, our Talker enemy told the boss.

If he had been a railroad brakeman he would have put every out-of-work off "his" train who was trying to ride free to a new job. He did not know the meaning of standing by his class—the working class—when it came to *action*. All he knew was *talk*.

He had the theory of socialism down

pat, but he lived the life of one of the boss' stool pigeons.

He was like the "scientific socialist" who wages the wars of the capitalist class—all right in theory, but nobody at home in practice. And such workers are the worst enemies of the working class.

If anybody stood up to tell us that the boss, who pays us \$5.00 a day, while he builds marble palaces out of the profits wrung from us, was going to help us in overthrowing the whole profit system, was going to kill the system that gives him his dividends, in order to help us, we would laugh in his face. Nobody could convince me that the Swifts or the Armours want to abolish dividends.

You could stand on your head and tell me that Marshall Field the Third was going to organize the revolutionary working class to seize the factories, stores, mills and mines, to be used and operated for the benefit of the workers alone, and I would know that you were merely a promising candidate for the insane asylum.

No one could fool you or me in this way. We know perfectly well that the boss who employs us is going to try to force us to work longer hours, at lower pay, at a higher rate of speed whenever he thinks he can get away with it, in order to make more profits for himself. We know that the lower our wages are, the more there will be left for the boss. We know it is nip and tuck between our employers and us every day in the year. We are always trying to get more of the value we produce and he is always trying to force us to take less. We know the boss is on the other side of the fence and so we don't ask him to join our union, our socialist local—our revolutionary organization.

But we are always glad to accept any workingman or woman—if we belong to a class union or a class political party. They belong with us. Their interests are our interests and every time we help them, we help ourselves.

Every time we help the garment work-

ers to win a strike, or the coal miners or the railroad men, it makes a successful strike in our own line of industry more possible. Shorter hours for the miners means more men put into the mines—fewer unemployed, and higher wages in the whole industry. And the fewer men there are out of work, the higher wages gradually become everywhere.

Class solidarity and class loyalty are the two things needed to enable the working class to beat the employers of labor. Talking will not help a bit unless you back it with class action.

We know a Chicago painter who handles a pen as though he were going to paint the side of a barn. He is not a prolific reader. He don't care for the classics, and the only Marx he knows is the one on Halstead street who has three balls hanging in front of his door. But when he goes into a cigar store to buy a plug of chewing tobacco, or a bag of the "makin's" he bawls out the boss of the place if he don't handle Union goods, and goes to another store.

During the street car strike in Columbus, Ohio, several years ago, this union painter walked seven miles to work rather than ride on scab driven cars. He will not work on 'a building job with scab plasterers or scab carpenters. He wears union hats and coats and underwear. And when he travels from one city to another on the trail of the job he does not believe in paying railroad fare.

I am sure if he had seen an old woman unobtrusively helping herself to a basket of coal from the railroad coal yards he would not have felt it expedient to report the matter to the police. He would probably have offered to carry the coal home for her.

If a man or woman is of the working class, this fine big, shopping Chicago painter is glad and anxious to help them. He would die rather than be disloyal to them. And he has no more desire to be of service to an employer of labor than a lamb has to assist the wolf in his own shearing.

He has never "killed a job" by doing two weeks' work in one, and the only war he has ever fought is the class war. The working class is his friend, the employing class his enemy. He has distributed more industrial union and socialist literature than any man we have ever known in Chicago. He reads little himself, and about the only phase of the revolutionary movement that he really understands and lives and is loyal to, is the class struggle and the working class. But he is worth a hundred inert talkers.

Glib-tongued theory is of little help in the class struggle unless it is backed by class loyalty and class action. The man who talks *working* class and supports the *employing*, non-laboring class is the worst traitor, because he comes to us in the guise of a friend.

A man is not what he *thinks*, but what he *does*. It is easy to *think* war, or *think* strike, or to theorize on tactics, but it takes real manhood and real womanhood to back up these theories and these thoughts in the actual everyday battles of the working class.

Remember, as the cold weather comes on, that you can nearly always help your comrade who is out of work in *some* way. Ask him to drop in and have a cup of coffee and a bit of breakfast in the morning while he is looking for work—and give him a little class education on the side. You may be in his shoes next year. And you can either make the unemployed your ally by a little help, or your opponent, forced by hunger to scab and lower the wage scale. You can help to make him a rebel while you are giving him that extra suit of heavy underwear.

There is work for every revolutionist to *do* today. Talk and education are necessary. You will have to discuss things and explain things to the other fellow—but he will understand class loyalty a whole lot better (if he is hungry and out of work) if you give him a little hot roast beef *practice* along with your *theory*.

A man is not as he *thinks*, but as he *does*.

THE LOGIC OF THE INDIAN

(From *Work and Pay*, by Prof. Scott Nearing, a brilliant new propaganda booklet published by Charles W. Ervin, 1326 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Price, 10 cents.)

JOYOUS, blessed work is work that calls for initiative, spontaneity, intelligence, judgment, enthusiasm. Such work cannot be mentioned in the same breath with time clocks, bonus systems, and scientific management. It carries with it its own reward in the satisfaction of work well done.

Go into the average kitchen, watch a woman washing the same dishes three times a day—a thousand times a year—and talk to her of the blessedness of such work. Here and there you may meet with a cordial reception, but on the whole, there would be little enough encouragement.

Women and men, the world over, work because they and those dear to them must live. It is doddering nonsense to speak to them in the same breath of work and joy. Their joy comes through a relief from their work.

There are a few people—a comparatively few—who live to work. Most men and women work to live.

You work to live. You work because work, at the present time, is the easiest means by which men may live. Moralists insist that we should love work. Their philosophy of the morality of work was speedily punctured by an old Indian Chief who was the object of missionary endeavor.

"You should take a job in the factory," said the missionary.

"Why?" asked the Chief.

"Well, if you work hard, you will be promoted and your wages raised."

"And then?"

"Well, then you will be made a foreman, if you do very well."

"And then?" the Chief persisted.

"Keep moving," continued the missionary, "and you may be appointed superintendent."

"What then?"

"Well, if you are successful, you can establish a shop of your own, and have many people working for you."

"Ah," exclaimed the Chief, "then I wouldn't have to work myself, would I?"

"Certainly not," the missionary exulted.

"Well," mused the Chief, "I don't have to work now."

So long as the present system of industry continues, so long as work is highly specialized and made deadly dull in consequence, so long will the incentive to work, for most people, be the material reward—the pay—that work offers. If work meant joy, we would work for work's sake. Since work, for most people, means drudgery, most people will work for pay.

Those Who Own and Those Who Work.

Those who own and those who work face each other. The worker demands a return for his work. The owner demands a return for his ownership. The rapid growth of property values during recent years has accentuated and emphasized the conflict between work and ownership. On the one hand, are the people who devote their time and energy to the production of wealth. On the other hand, are the people who own income-yielding property. The workers receive a wage or a salary; the owners receive payments or rent, interest and dividends. Many of the workers are growing clamorous over "human rights." The property owners, persistent, and ever watchful, urge the "rights of property." The time has come when the claims of the contending interests must be analyzed and understood.

* * *

Those who are giving their time and energy to the production of wealth, face the fact that property rights have been so construed as to give property owners a first claim on production and to make property income a fixed charge on the industry of the community. This priority of claim has played a leading part in raising property to a position of supremacy in the economic world.

* * *

At present labor shoulders the give and take of prosperous and adverse years. When times are bad, men are laid off. Orders decrease, and part-time automatically en-

sues. Meanwhile the snipping of coupons sounds at regular, unvaried intervals, and the book in which dividend checks are drawn is busy four times every year.

* * *

The actual amounts paid to the men and women who do the work of the industrial world, are extremely small. Current wage rates, placed side by side with the expense accounts of thousands of families whose sole claim to income rests upon their ownership of property, are startling in their paucity. Five hundred dollars a year paid to an able-bodied man whose back was bent three hundred days of the year in his efforts to support a wife and four small

children; seven dollars a week to the anæmic man whose eye races with his machine along the seams of ladies' coats; fifteen dollars a week to a mechanic, keeping a family in a big city; a thousand dollars a year to a skilled artisan. These wage rates are meagre when contrasted with the returns to the men who own the valuable property of the country.

* * *

There is no right to work, but there is a right to property income.—Scott Nearing.

"There is no right to work, but there is a right to property income."—Scott Nearing.

Think this over!



BOOK REVIEWS



The Mighty and the Lowly, a study of Jesus, by Katrina Trask, author of "In the Vanguard," published by The Macmillan Company, New York. Price, \$1.00.

A book maintaining that the humanity of Jesus still provides a remedy for present social ills. Thus Mrs. Trask in this book interprets the message of Jesus for the modern world. She contends that Jesus spoke neither for rich nor poor, that he did not belong to any particular group and that there is no way to bring about social reform but to return to his teachings. The book is full of literary charm, but we are compelled to say that if Mrs. Trask's interpretation of Jesus is the true one, the sooner we Socialists forget that such a man once lived the better it will be for us. To us it has seemed that Jesus was heart and head with the interests of the working class of his time. Any one who tries to persuade the hungry lion (capital) to lie down with the lamb (working class) is surely betraying the lamb, because the

lion has never and will never lie down until he has devoured him hoof, hide and tail. Mrs. Trask tries to prove that Jesus was both the friend of the robber and the robbed. We think he was more of a man than that. The enmity he earned and his death itself, we believe, prove it. But no man is essential in the struggle of the workers to emancipate themselves and the revolutionary movement can get along without the Carpenter of Nazareth quite as well as it can without the carpenter of Podunk, if it has to.

Violette of 'Pere Lachaise, a novel, by Anna Strunsky Walling. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. Price, \$1.00 net.

The story of the spiritual and intellectual growth of Violette, a poetic rhapsody of the eternal idealism and joy of youth. Mrs. Walling has contributed a prose poem to the literature of America that is as spontaneous as spring, as lovely and buoyant as youth itself.

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EDITORIAL

Imperialism and the Middle Class

DEAR Comrades: Your editorial in the October issue I appreciated very much. The parallel between the present war and the struggle for monopolistic concentration in industry, into trusts, etc., is very inspiring. The more so, as both result from the *same cause*: the development of capitalist means of production—to such a degree, that they come into conflict with the development of production itself, artificial curtailment and destruction of products being the monstrous outcome, making a speedy collapse of the system evident to friend and foe.

Internationally the same cause resulted in exportation of capital to backward countries, and here was found a more positive task, that of conquering the world to capitalist production. This declares why the *whole* of the capitalist class is behind imperialism, why it became a new class-ideology; it being the *only* solution, that means a progress in world production on the base of modern capitalism.

This shows us the strongest side of imperialism, to which you pay due attention in your editorial, but there is still another, more political feature, that leads to a further strengthening of this latest and gigantic capitalist move. Industrial concentration had to be accomplished at the cost of small capitalists, which caused opposition among those classes on the national political field. These elements, combined with the upper layers of labor, who were not much affected by the monopolies, succeeded in getting some parliamentary and economic advantages, although the gains were very poor indeed, and the small bourgeois did not get any adequate compensation for their being expropriated. Hence their growing opposi-

tion shown by joining the socialist party, which resulted in nearly killing the labor class-struggle on the political field. On the economic field the influence was less general, and those labor elements, that are degraded by trustified capital to a uniform low level, show some signs of a beginning mass-action.

Now the political strength of imperialism is in the fact, that an expansion of capital all over the world, even in the form of concentrated financial capitalism, gives new opportunities also to middle-class intellects and even to small capitalists, be it under the form of greater dependency toward Big capital. Thus the *internal* concentration of capital into monopolies and trusts has a tendency to drive a part of the middle classes towards labor, whilst the *external* expansion of concentrated capital over the world, tends to bring middle classes and even parts of labor back to capitalist politics. This must have been one of the principal causes of the absolute failure of Socialism at the outbreak of the present bloody conflict.

So far imperialism means big advantages for capital, and it would be very bad indeed to overlook the strong position of our enemies; that will require all of our energy. But we need not despair, because the position of labor always must be the strongest: capitalism needs labor more than labor needs capitalism. Especially in this imperialistic world struggle, as you point out in your editorial, labor is not only wanted in the process of production, but it is also labor that has to fight most directly the conflicts of their masters, resulting from this new period in capitalism. This means an increase in the fundamental weakness of

capitalism in its struggle against labor supremacy. In this struggle, however, labor will have to get rid of all influences of middle class people and intellectuals, unless they are opposed to the bitter end to every form of imperialism. In its own ranks labor will have to fight against those elements, who see some advantage in supporting imperialism, without seeing the far greater danger of being crushed by it. For, as you plainly state it: there is only a choice between rebellion and degeneration. Rebellion or degeneration, because the new imperialistic form of capitalism does not mean any fundamental improvement in the means of production, and therefore does not represent an indispensable step towards a socialistic commonwealth.

Labor did not help capitalism in making trusts, but did not oppose them either, although it could have had the support of big parts of the capitalist middle classes. Labor was neutral, because it could not prevent, and it could not prevent, because this would have been reactionary, the concentration and organization of the means of production being essential to prepare for a new society. Capitalism, although in pursuit of its own low ideals of gain, ever more gain, was fulfilling its historical mission to improve the means of production. This enormous task has so far been fulfilled, that capitalism is now in fear of being crushed by its own productivity. Capitalism now asks to extend its full grown system all over the world by the aid of those workers, that have been tortured to death in factories and are being torn to pieces on the battlefield. This is really too much! It will be the peaceful task of labor to extend gradually the beneficial influence of modern machinery and organization, not as soldiers under capitalism, but as free agents of civilization.

Those who speak so much about democracy, this hypocritical, degenerated form of bourgeois democracy, as being worth fighting for, worth approving and supporting in

those, who ought to be our opponents to the death, they look at a splinter, without seeing the wood, they keep to old forms, without noticing the new world that is growing. It is our bad luck that the period behind us gave a decisive influence to small bourgeois and intellectuals in the ranks of labor. Labor not only stopped its fighting, because of the leaders being too fearful of losing some small advantages in recognition and organization, but it even stopped thinking, leaving it to some leaders and intellectuals to express, what is called the present and future ambitions of labor.

So the interests and ideals of the middle classes not only prevail in labor and socialist literature, but even in the very heads of perhaps a majority of laborers themselves. It will be necessary to awaken to independent thinking, to regain the fundamental truth, that the freedom of labor must be won by labor itself. This means: No compromise whatever with any capitalistic upper or middle class; individuals only being allowed to join labor so far as they are willing to serve rather than to rule.

Dear comrades, if I like so much your REVIEW, if I like it best of all, it is because you always keep to the fighting line of labor, giving it your support, without pretention and because you put your hope in the international mass-action of labor itself.

No doubt capitalism will try some new tricks to divide labor and to tie parts of it to their own damned interests, be it in starting some new peace-movement, some profit sharing system or some bribery and graft towards the upper layers and leaders of the laboring class. Sometimes it may be difficult to see the fraud, but you will always have the best chance if you keep to the rigid, uncompromising class struggle on every domain of public life. Yours for international solidarity,

S. J. RUTGERS.

Hits the Enemy Every Time—Comrade Bond of England writes: "I have been a reader of the International Socialist Review for two years. I obtain my copies from the Central Labor College of England. It is the finest magazine I read; every page is alive and each article hits the enemy every time,"



INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN



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JEAN JAURES.

KEIR HARDIE.

KEIR HARDIE—AND US

THE best men killed by the war have been two Socialists. Jaurès was put out of the way before the first shot. Hardie died after a heart-breaking year of struggle against jingo insanity. Both were victims of militarism as much as if they had died

in the trenches. The khaki-clad boys at the front are killing one another. Jaurès and Hardie gave up their lives to save the lives of others.

There is a singular difference in the way in which the American public has come to regard these men. Because the great

Frenchman was assassinated in the tumultuous hours when Europe was being tumbled into the war, a romantic glamor attaches to his name. No one knew just why he was sacrificed. None could guess what difference it would have made if he had remained among the living. After a year's time the mystery is increased rather than diminished. We know now that Jaurés went to his grave with faithful diplomatic secrets unspoken. He had discovered something about the negotiations being carried on between Austria and Russia. He intended to make a revelation at the next session of the Chamber of Deputies. Then the fatal shot was fired and that eloquent tongue was stilled.

But Hardie lived longer and fared worse. He was no diplomat. He was a simple representative of the working class. He had fought against the Boer war amidst all the revilings of press and politicians. In the International labor and Socialist movement he had done his best to make war impossible. It is his immortal glory to have been the author of the Hardie-Vaillant Motion at the Copenhagen Congress. This motion would have committed us all to the pledges to call a general strike to prevent war. He fought hard to have this motion passed. It was not passed. When the war broke out it was still being debated by the members of national labor and Socialist bodies.

In the public agitation that immediately preceded the war, Hardie stood like a rock. English diplomatic hypocrisy and German militarism all looked alike to him. In Parliament and out he declared his convictions clearly and vigorously. His labors at this time were tremendous. He wrote and spoke without ceasing. Against him and his comrades were leveled, not only the bitterest shafts of the capitalist press, but also the fierce invective of the "war Socialists." To Socialists who forgot their Socialism at the first blast of the war trumpet he and his kind were a constant rebuke. There is no hatred like that of a traitor for a true man. Against it all Hardie stood unflinching.

And then in the winter months came the news that he had broken down. His iron constitution had at last been undermined by the strain. From his bedside he would send heartening words to the com-

rades on the line of battle. He confidently expected to be with them again soon. But on September 26 the end came. Pneumonia is given as the immediate cause of his death.

The Socialist movement has lost many great leaders during the past few years. Singer, Bebel, Jaurés, Quelch—the mention of any one of these names will make the Socialist's heart beat quick. But there is something about Hardie—both about his life and death—that makes him different. The principles of the working-class movement were so simple, so plain, in his mind that he was rarely deceived. He never twisted and turned; he never clouded an issue. But he was not an original thinker. He formulated no new principle. As a theorist he does not rank even with Bebel. Anyone who ever saw him stand on a platform, sturdy figure straight, leonine head thrown back—anyone who ever heard him speak with sharp, incisive words, with flashes of keen Scotch humor, and an occasional deep note of sympathy born of hard proletarian experience—anyone who felt the touch of this man's rugged force, will acknowledge that he was no mean orator. Yet it was not as an orator that he won fame. No one would, for a moment, class him with Jaurés as a coiner of eloquent speech.

The important thing about him is that he was definitely of and for the working class in every feature of his life and work. He was born at Leg-Rannock, Holytown, Scotland, on August 15, 1856. His parents were miners. At the age of 7 he was put to work as a miner's helper. Until he was 24 he worked with pick and shovel. He knew nothing of books and reading except what his mother was able to teach him during spare moments. At 16, it is said, he was unable to write his own name. Yet so great was his passion for knowledge that within a few years after this time he gained a working knowledge of English literature and history. Within a short time he became a leader in his union. In 1888 he ran for Parliament, backed by his union, but was defeated. At this time he helped found the Independent Labor Party and established the Labor Leader. In 1892 he appeared in Parliament as the representative of Southwestham. In 1900 he was elected from Merthyr Tydvil, a

Welsh constituency, and he held this seat until his death.

The capitalist press, with its devotion to the picturesque, made much of the fact that he appeared in Parliament in a miner's cap. Yet in Hardie this was by no means the sort of cheap advertising which it appeared to be. He was a workingman; he had always worn the cheap clothes of his trade; there was absolutely no reason why he should change his dress. And this was of a piece with all his activities. He thought a workingman's thoughts and spoke them with a workingman's tongue. In 1908 the King made himself famous by omitting Hardie from the list of guests to a garden party. Hardie merely remarked: "I shall allow no interference with my political conduct in or out of Parliament by the King of the court." In 1914, speaking of the present King, he said: "If he had been born in the ranks of the working-class his most likely fate would have been that of a corner loafer."

These seem small matters. It is merely as suggestions of the man's whole make-up that they gain importance. Hardie was eminently the statesman. He took large views of national and international issues. He took into account all nations and future generations—as a Socialist is bound to do. But he was never deceived by the trappings of statesmanship. He never adopted the bombastic, deceptive style—as, alas, some Socialists have done. He never needed it. Simple workingman that he was, he never had anything to conceal.

Hardie was not a theorist trying to lead the working-class to Socialism. He was a worker who saw much of the truth of the Socialist view of things and endeavored to take his fellow-workers along with him to Socialism. This is why Blatchford, Hyndman and others have sometimes seemed more militant than he, more advanced, more revolutionary. But when the test came, when the war broke out, we discovered that working-class experience counts for more than theories. This miner, who never originated a thought in his life, who could not pose as literateur, remained true, magnificently, heroically true. He was not a friend of the workers; he was one of them. In him the working-class achieved intelligence. When he fought English capitalists and

German capitalists alike, he was merely reacting in accordance with the instincts of the enlightened part of his class. This, then, is his glory, and it is enough. He was a mere workingman grown intelligent, grown eloquent, grown self-reliant.

It is well that we American Socialists should think about this man and those who have fought with him. During the past year every possible attitude toward war has been taken by some among us. The plain truth is that our theorists are shocked loose from their theories and don't know what to do. Well, the interests of the working-class are the same as they were eighteen months ago. The workingman grown intelligent is as much opposed to war now as he ever was. And the test may come for us as it came for Hardie. In fact, it has come for us. Every day we are exerting influence for the working-class or against it. How many of us are in Hardie's class? How many of us would be in it if the United States were hurried into a war?

The Reichstag met on August 19. On the 20, almost without debate, the new war credits were voted. There was one vote, that of Liebknecht, in the negative. But this is not quite the whole story. The following figures, taken from Vorwaerts, show what is happening in Germany: In the Socialist party caucus there were 14 votes against the first war budget, 17 against the second, 23 against the third, and 36 against the fourth. Out of the 36 who voted no in the caucus before the August meeting of the Reichstag, only three submitted to precedent and cast their votes with the majority of the group when the budget was finally granted. Thirty-two left the chamber and one voted in the negative. Of these who absented themselves Vorwaerts affirms that at least twenty-nine did so because they would not support the budget. Socialist opposition to the government and to the party machine is growing. Among the minority are such well-known men as Haase, Ledebour and Stadhagen.

If the Socialists are making progress, the same can be said of the "Socialists." The official statement made on the floor by Dr. David was about as Socialistic as some of the utterances of the Kaiser.

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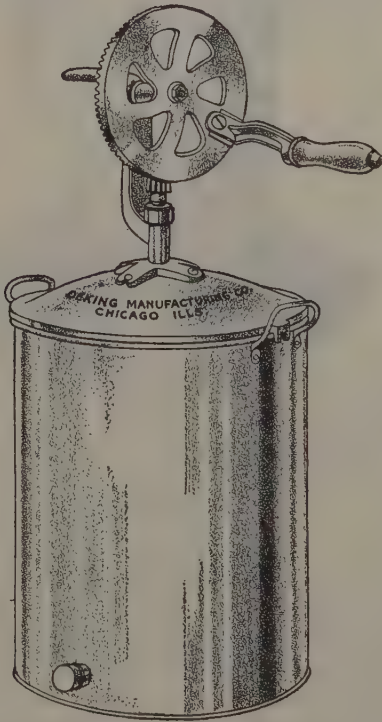
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"Comrade" David hoped among other things when the Germans have beaten the enemy and won all they want the government will be ready to listen to proposals of peace from the enemy. Vorwaerts remarks editorially: "The address of the Socialist representative was in no way distinguishable from those of the capitalist orators."

But there is better proof of the fact that the "Socialists" have definitely turned imperialistic. Before the opening of the Reichstag the parliamentary group and the Party Executive Committee held a three days' conference. The outcome was a formal declaration of the party's demands in relation to peace. The essential part of this declaration reads as follows:

1. The security of the political independence and integrity of the German empire demands the defeat of all efforts of our enemies directed against our territorial domain. This applies to the demand for the re-annexation of the Alsace-Lorraine to France, without regard to the particular form which this re-annexation might take.

2. In the interest of the free economic development of the German empire we demand:

The "open door," i. e., equal right to economic activity in all colonial territories;

Embodiment of the "most favored nation" clause in peace treaties with all the warring nations;

Encouragement of economic relations through the greatest possible removal of tariff and trade barriers;

Equalization and improvement of social and political arrangements in the direction indicated by the working-class international.

The freedom of the sea to be assured through international treaties. To this end the right of capture is to be abolished and the straits most important to commerce are to be neutralized.

3. In the interest of the security of Germany and its free industrial development in the southeast, we oppose all the efforts of the allies to weaken or destroy Austria-Hungary or Turkey.

The fourth and fifth articles are against annexation and in favor of an international

tribunal. But these provisions are of little moment. The important element in the declaration is the definiteness with which it supports the indefinite imperialist purposes of the German government. We are willing to offer the blood of the workers, the "Socialists" say, in order that German industry may be allowed to develop in "all colonial regions," and to secure "free industrial development in the southeast."

The Socialist minority, led by Bernstein, is said to have made bitter opposition to the adoption of this declaration. The division in the party is becoming clearer and wider. On the one side are avowed imperialists, on the other Socialists, who are gaining in numbers and determination.

English Labor Awake. The forty-seven English Trade Union Congress met at Bristol during the second week in September. Its resolution against military conscription was referred to in this department last month. The organized workers of England are willing to support the war, but they object strenuously even to home-made Prussianism. They will not be compelled to fight. George Lansbury proposes in the Herald to counter the proposal for compulsory military service with "a demand for the conscription of land and capital." This means of prosecuting the war has not been discussed by the cabinet.

But the anti-conscription resolution was not the most interesting one passed at Bristol. The railways union presented a resolution demanding the nationalization of industries "plus an advisory committee representing the workers equally with the state and the public." And here is a resolution adopted by the Congress: "This Congress expresses the opinion that nationalization of public services, such as the post office, is not necessarily advantageous to the employes and the working classes, unless accompanied by steadily increasing democratic control, both by the employes and by the representatives of the working classes in the House of Commons. It, therefore, pledges itself to work steadily to develop public opinion in both these directions."

This resolution was introduced by a joint committee of the Postal and Telegraph Associations. At this time, when England is going so rapidly into state

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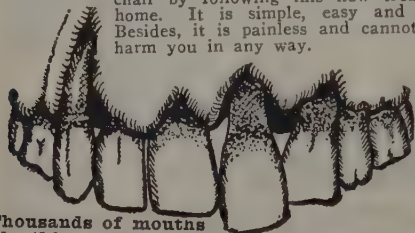
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IS HE CRAZY?

The owner of a large plantation in Mississippi, where the fine figs grow, is giving away a few five-acre fruit tracts. The only condition is that figs be planted. The owner wants enough figs raised to supply a co-operative canning factory. You can secure five acres and an interest in the canning factory by writing the Eubank Farms Company, 985 Keystone, Pittsburgh, Pa. They will plant and care for your trees for \$6 per month. Your profit should be \$1,000 per year. Some think this man is crazy for giving away such valuable land, but there may be method in his madness.

capitalism, this sign of alertness in the English working-class cannot be too highly rated. The post office and telegraph workers know whereof they speak. They are for public ownership with democratic control—not without it.

Revolution in Russia? Early in September the Russian Duma was sent packing by the Czar. Like the Long Parliament and the old States General it had worked up its courage to the point of demanding a part in the government. In some respects, however, the uprising of Russian representatives bears a greater resemblance to what took place in Paris in 1871. The people of Russia are rising because they are more patriotic than the government. Because they demand efficiency in high places and have not found it. Defeat, they are beginning to say, is due to grafting government agents and blundering commanders. So they demand a general overhauling of things.

Only a few of the rebels in the Duma are Socialists or laborites. Most of them are what we should call progressives. They represent bourgeois Russia. But they make demands which sound more revolutionary than those formulated by the German "Socialists." They ask autonomy for Poland, full civil rights for Jews, removal of disabilities of workmen, school reform, church reform, freedom of press, speech and assembly, and the institution of a genuinely representative parliament.

Of course they did not get these things. They were sent home. But the tale is not yet finished. It is confidently stated by those who should know that Russia faces either revolution or defeat—perhaps both.

NEW LABOR MOVEMENT IN JAPAN

For the first time the A. F. L. has extended friendly invitation to the Japanese workers to receive fraternal delegates to the coming meeting of the A. F. of L. convention at San Francisco next November. The invitation was sent to the Japanese workers directly by the secretary of the California branch of the A. F. L., Mr. Paul Scharrenberg, with the full approval of Mr. Gompers. The message was, I understood, carried by Dr. S. Guilick, a professed Christian opportunist and friend of Japan, who diplomatically

hunted out and arranged for the delegates. The said delegates are now in the U. S., and some of them have made a tour through the country, and the government paid press agent has been extolling and advertising them throughout the country.

The supporters of the so-called new labor movement say that the Japanese government suppressed the past labor movements and trades unions because they were organized by socialists. The organizer of the new labor movement, Mr. Bungi Suzuki, is not a working man, so they think he is a better man to accomplish the new mission than the socialists.


No wonder that the delegates are so respectfully treated and helped by the consul of Japan in San Francisco and the Japanese chief commissioner of the P. P. I. Exposition here. They are endeavoring to introduce them to the officers of the A. F. L. on the one hand and the Japanese consul here is trying to suppress the socialists and their activities in this country.

A few days before the arrival of the fraternal delegates in San Francisco from Japan, the present writer was called to the consulate of Japan, and the consul himself told him several things. Among other things, he told the writer that it would be better for him to leave this vicinity and go to Wyoming; to not express any opinion concerning the delegates who are soon to arrive; nor to write or speak on the real condition of female and child-labor in Japan, and finally to come to the consul and tell him before the writer shall express his opinion on the matter.

The consul told the writer also to keep quiet so that the public may think that the writer has given up the cause of socialism! Of course, the writer heard what the consul said with a due respect, but did not give any promise to obey the order or advice.

The kind of a labor organization that the Japanese government is fostering or tolerating is one that socialists are excluded from and the officials of the organization are in themselves not tolerated by the socialists. There are three advisers and twenty in the council of the

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Yu-Ai-Kai, whose president is Mr. Bungi Suzuki, one of the delegates. One of the advisers is a member of the House of Peers and at the same time one of the counsellors in the present ministry; another is former head of the prison bureau, and the last is the president of the National Railway Department. In the council there are five university professors, three factory owners, two managers of factories, one government engineer in the tobacco monopoly, three principals of schools, a secretary of the Tokyo poor-house, a secretary of Tokyo Y. M. C. A., a lawyer, a literary man, a viscount and a deputy mayor of the city of Osaka. There is not one workman in the council! The platform of the Yu-Ai-Kai states that the interest of capital and labor are identical.

At the farewell meeting of the delegates the speakers were reported to have been such persons as Baron Shibusawa, a Morgan of Japan, and Dr. Soyeda, the head of the National Railway Department. It is altogether natural that the fraternal delegates are so well received by the Japanese consul and other respectables in this country. The Ya-Ai-Tdai is so particular in excluding socialist

workers; even Prof. Isowo Abe of the Waseda University, an academic socialist, was at first in the council of the organization, but at the instigation of the police authority the Professor was expelled from the body. Although the term of expelling him was very polite, yet all the same his name was dropped from the list of the officials of the Ya-Ai-Kai.

Detectives are very active in hunting out any socialist among the members, and every socialist found is at once expelled, and any application to the membership is rejected. Such is the nature and the policy of the Yu-Ai-Kai and it is so much praised by the supporters of the movement as the only labor organization that suits the Japanese. It is in fact the government certified labor association that is permitted to exist because the president of it, Mr. B. Suzuki, told the present writer, is a personal friend and classmate of the director of the Tokyo Police Board, the head of the detectives; so Mr. Suzuki is a Father Gapon of Japan. It is doubtful whether a Father Gapon of Japan could in future lead our workers like the Russian monk, but it is certain that he has not a Gorky of Japan among his friends.

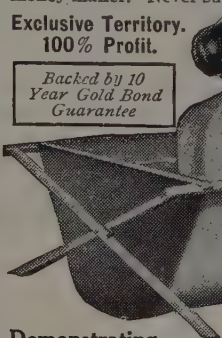
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NEWS AND VIEWS

Socialist Library at Las Cruces—"At a meeting of our Local we have decided to take up the offer on the next to last page "128" of the August Review as a starting point or nucleus toward the formation of a library that may eventually become a public institution and we are now rustling to raise the necessary \$16.75. This is a town of about 3,500, 80 or more per cent of whom are Spanish-American, Mexican, and Roman. Tabard Inn and several other private libraries have been tried and defuncted, so now we propose to get this started and agitate with it as a basis, adding as we can by purchase or donation, charging, if possible, five cents per week for library privilege, this to go into fund to maintain and increase same. If it grows, we will give it to the town when it gets big enough to justify them in caring for and extending it. Our local has about twenty members, but only a half dozen real hustlers for the revolution toward the co-operative commonwealth."
—S. Parks.

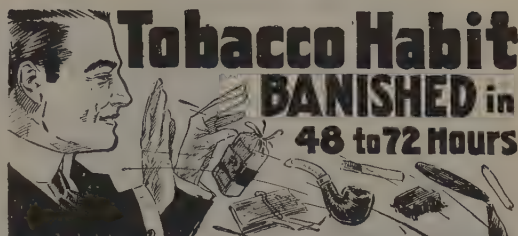
A San Francisco Reader Writes: The International Socialist Review is always splendid and is beyond compare."—G. C.

From Away Up North—If any of our readers should doubt that there are a bunch of warm, red-blooded Socialists in Alaska, they would be disillusioned by reading over the splendid letters we receive from some one of them on every mail from the North.

Comrade George Holst lays in a good stock of books for winter reading and also remits a good chunk to be credited to his share of stock in the Publishing House. He tells of the difficulty the workers have in getting mail from the outside. It seems that the Northern Commercial Company (an arm of the Guggenheims) has a monopoly on carrying the mail, and of course they exploit this special privilege in the same fashion that the mail carrying railroads have in the United States. It costs the government about double what it should for transporting mail, besides giving bum service to the people. Most of the second class mail and all parcel post packages are held during the winter and delivered by boat in the summertime; which means bigger profits for the holders of the special privilege.

He closes his letter as follows: "Now, dear comrade, one word for the little old Review: The August number is hard to beat."

From Merry England—A Review reader writes: "The South Wales Miners' Federation is making good and there is a great deal of unrest throughout the country due to the munitions act. The railway workers are de-



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City, will send his book free on application, to anyone who writes to him mentioning clearly which habit it is desired to conquer and whether the person is desirous of being freed of it or must be treated secretly without his or her knowledge.

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manding a five shilling increase of wages and if they fail to get it, there will undoubtedly be trouble."

On the Job—Comrade W. W. Gray, secretary of the Socialist Party Local at Port Angeles, Washington, writes: "Dear Comrades: Our local appointed a committee yesterday to take subscriptions for the Review. Will write you again in a few days. The Review has surely made good. May she live and grow until this inhuman war is over." We have since received ten subscriptions from Comrade Gray.

The Rebel Spirit—"I enclose subscription for one year and want you to send the Review to this young friend of mine. I appreciate the splendid revolutionary spirit which runs all through the Review and feel sure he will also."—A. V. V.

Glenwood Springs, Colo.—"Dear Comrades: Enclosed please find postal money order for \$1.00. Please apply same to my subscription to the Review. By all means do not miss sending me the October number. It would be the first copy in fifteen years that I missed."—J. W.

The Agricultural Workers' Organization of the I. W. W., Local 400, sent in \$15 for bundles of October Reviews to go to the boys in the harvest fields in North Dakota. Over 600 new members joined the organization during the month of September and the boys are planning a big harvest feast to be pulled off at headquarters in Minneapolis after the harvest is over.

Martinsdale, Mont.—"Dear Comrades: Please find enclosed \$1.00 for which send me twelve doses of the Review. I thought I could do without it, but it is no use, I must have it. Send September number."—Mrs. E. B. B.

Long Beach, Calif.—"Gentlemen: I am in receipt of yours of September 15 notifying me that my term of subscription to the Review has expired.

"I am enclosing you my check for \$2.00, which please place to my credit on your subscription list so that I may continue to get the Review for another couple of years. I would not like to be without The Review above all other magazines published."—J. B. R.

Jersey City, N. J.—Comrade Kaegi fires in a \$5 bill for five yearly subscription cards and as a premium selects Myers' "History of Great American Fortunes." Comrade Kaegi knows a good proposition when he sees it.

Paris, Illinois—Comrade Howerton writes: "Enclosed find \$1.50 and coupon for The Review one year and one copy of "The Visioning." We think The Review the best magazine published and never intend to let our subscription run out."

No Union, No Socialist—A Suggested National Party Referendum. Require, in addition to the recognition of the class struggle, that no person be admitted to membership in the party who opposes the principle of economic or industrial unionism for the working class.

Those of us who have spent the best years of our lives in the struggle, individually and collectively, and learned our lesson through bitter experience, have had the hard fact dinned into our very fibre that if there is no union there will be no socialism.

There are now those in our midst who oppose the principle of unionism apparently because it is in a process of development which their short-sighted vision cannot perceive. Other reasons might be mentioned. Some of these when no longer inclined to oppose unionism openly, are using other methods. Let us close the gates to any more of this medievalism.

Those who oppose the economic union of the workers are in fact upholding the prolongation of capitalism and the steal of the wage system.

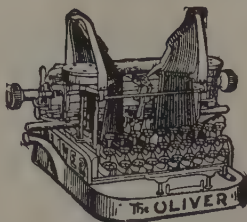
A real study of economic determinism reveals the historic fact that no political action can rise above its source; that is—the prevailing industrial status.—Proletaria Bill, of Washington.

The Right Kind—Comrade Iverson, of Madison, writes: "I have read Fitch's Physical Basis of Mind and Morals. It is a book that is really indispensable for those who want to know. It is the clearest and sanest book on the subject that I have ever read. It is on a subject above all others that we must understand. The Review is appreciated more and more. I should feel a great loss to miss one number. Its uncompromising, aggressive stand is what I appreciate and what we need in these days when people are forgetting their principles."

Another Economic Class—Comrade J. L. Stark, state secretary of the Socialist Party of Kentucky, writes that he is starting another class in economics in what he calls "The Marcy School." An order for thirty copies of Shop Talks comes with his letter. The Ira Tilton School is also using this little educational booklet and we wish you would have some student of Marxian Economics read it and start a class in your local. If the questions asked at the close of the chapters in Shop Talks will not get the young men and women interested in Socialism, we don't know what will. Comrade Reynolds dropped in this week after organizing a class in economics in Allegan, Michigan, with this same brochure as the basis for study. We would like to get these clubs in touch with each other. Any time any of them want space in The Review to set forth some of the new methods for teaching they have found to be successful, we wish they would write us.

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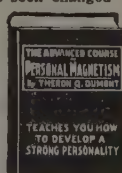
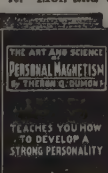
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The Marx Institute of America—Comrade Carlton Rodolf, of Brooklyn, sends in \$63.00 for 50 copies of Volume 1 of Marx Capital and three other books to be used by the Marx Institute of America, an organization of the students of Harry Waton, who is using Spencer's First Principles and Vol. 1 of Marx's Capital in his classes this year. In the time since Harry Waton started these winter classes, the attendance has grown from a handful to two hundred students. This is the sort of work that will endure. When such a group of young people understand capitalist society as Marx explained it, they cannot fail of being important factors in the social revolution. We wish there were a thousand such clubs in America.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT

Capitalist Prosperity Here. It is a commonplace to veteran Socialists that wage-workers under capitalism receive in wages only a fraction of what they produce. If they were all producing commodities for consumption, nearly half of these would remain unsold for lack of buyers with the purchasing power. In "good" times the capitalists set a large part of the laborers at work building railroads and factories, making new machinery, and otherwise adding to the fixed capital from which a profit is expected later on. At such times there are nearly enough jobs to go 'round. In "bad" times, when "confidence" is lacking, the capitalists shut down on such investments, consequently a large part of the laborers are out of work, while those who have jobs are either taking care of their less fortunate friends, or saving up for fear their own jobs may vanish. Here in the United States we have had a long siege of "bad" times. It now looks as if the capitalists were recovering their 'confidence,' and as if jobs would soon be about as plenty as at any time within the last ten years.

Now Let's Wipe Out the Deficit. As we announced in the report of the annual stockholders' meeting in the REVIEW for February of this year, there was a deficit of \$1,112.84 in our profit and loss account

for the year 1914. Charles H. Kerr offered to contribute toward this and the probable deficit for 1915 any sum up to \$1,000, provided other stockholders and friends of the publishing house would together contribute a like sum. Thus far we have received the following amounts: Previously acknowledged.....\$598.05 J. E. Palmer, British Columbia... 4.00 Harry Norrie, Durban, So. Africa. 3.20 L. H. H. Greene, Natal, So. Africa 2.00 J. W. Rimmer, Palmerston, N. Z. 2.00

Total.....\$609.25

Out of this total \$500 has been contributed by Charles H. Kerr; \$109.25 by all others. Nearly half of the deficit still stands. Perhaps YOU will want to contribute your share toward it. But now that capitalist prosperity is in sight, there is another way to get rid of the old deficit and to prevent our being obliged to report a new one for 1915.

Circulate More Socialist Literature. That is the answer. As soon as possible after November 1, we shall mail to every REVIEW subscriber, every stockholder and every other name on our regular mailing list, a new illustrated book catalog of 32 large pages, which is the best and completest list of the kind yet published. If you don't get yours soon, write and ask for it.

An Endless Chain Plan that will give YOU a **Socialist Library Free**. Send us \$3.00 for books selected from the new catalog to the amount of \$3.00 at list prices. We will send them postpaid, and will also send you three cards, each of which will be good for the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW one year. Sell these cards to new subscribers at \$1.00 each, then send the \$3.00 for more books and more cards, and so on. In this way you will have a fine Socialist library, which will have cost you only the trouble of finding the subscriptions.

A Fifty Volume Library for Less than Cost to New Stockholders. If you have not time to hustle for subscribers, but can spare \$15.00, read the new offer explained in full detail on the third cover page of this month's REVIEW. Briefly, it amounts to this, that for \$15.00 we will send you by express an assorted lot of books published by us to the amount of \$25.00 at retail prices, and a fully-paid certificate for a share of stock, par value \$10.00. If you don't already know the advantages of holding a share of stock, write for explanatory booklet. It is our 2,900 stockholders who have provided the money to publish the REVIEW and the Socialist classics described in our catalog, and stockholders have the privilege of buying books at cost. Our charter authorizes us to issue 5,000 shares of stock. Of these 4,080 have been issued, and 920 can be had under this special offer. Now, while "prosperity" lasts, is the time to put the publishing house on a solid foundation, so that it can stand the next siege of "hard times."

A New Selling Plan for Traveling Speakers. Lecturers for the Socialist Party and the Industrial Workers of the World often help out on their expenses by selling books at meetings. Apart from the profit on such sales, they find that often more educational work can be done by introducing the right books and starting people on the study of Marxian economics than by anything that can be said in the course of a single lecture. But the difficulty has been that to carry enough books to sell on a speaking trip of nearly a week was almost a physical impossibility, while there was always the chance that any particular book might

have been already sold at a certain town, when some other book might still be in demand. To meet these difficulties we have adopted a new plan suggested by Comrade W. E. Reynolds of Washington. We have printed post cards, each good for any one of our fifty-cent books, as listed on the third cover page of this month's REVIEW. To each card a stub is attached, which is a receipt for 50 cents to be signed by the speaker. The card itself is to be mailed to us, and on receipt of it we mail the book to the purchaser. We will mail ten of these post cards for \$3.00 or 100 for \$25.00. The latter rate is not made for less than 100 cards paid for in advance. Any two of the cards will be accepted for one of our dollar books, four for a \$2.00 book, etc. Any of our stockholders can have these cards at the same prices. Show our new catalog to the comrades at a Local meeting, and it will be easy to take orders for ten or more of the books. Address

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